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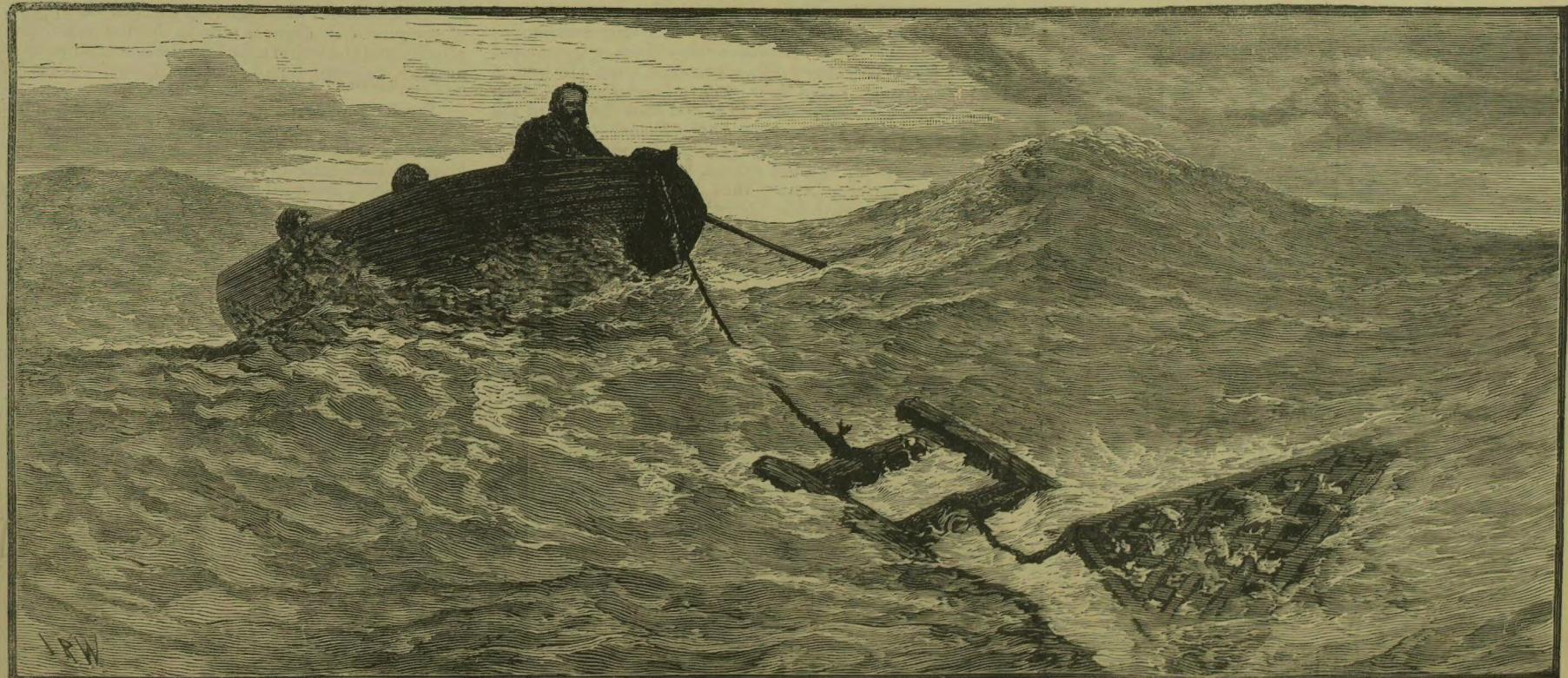
SIXPENCE.
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THE LOSS OF THE YACHT MIGNONETTE.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. EDWIN STEPHENS, THE MATE.

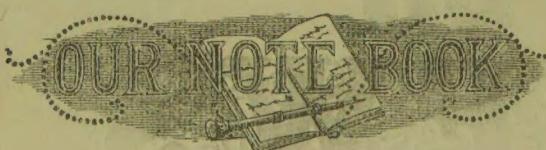
The way in which they stowed themselves in the dinghy.



Sailing before the wind: How the dinghy was managed during the last nine days.



How the dinghy was managed in the heavy weather: with the stern sheets up aft, and the "sea anchor," made of the water-breaker bed and the head-sheets grating.



Perhaps no poem better deserves, certainly none more requires, that its manifold beauties should be set forth by a loving hand, guided by judgment, than Mr. Philip Bailey's "Festus." Numerous editions of this remarkable work have been issued; but, unhappily, each succeeding edition has generally been burdened with additions, which, excellent in themselves, serve only to break the continuity of a poem which even in its original form lacked unity. "The Beauties of Festus," published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., have been selected with discrimination and taste, and will doubtless send many readers to the book itself, besides pleasantly refreshing the memory of those who have already been delighted with its perusal. By-the-by, the publishers would confer a boon on the world by issuing "Festus" in its unamended form.

Amongst the public services rendered by Sir Edward Malet, the Ambassador appointed to succeed Lord Ampthill at the Court of Berlin, may be counted perhaps the most perilous mission that has been intrusted to a diplomat of late years. At the commencement of the Franco-Prussian War there were despatches of an important nature to be delivered to Count Bismarck, who, it will be remembered, accompanied the German Army through the campaign. They were confided to the care of Sir Edward Malet, then second supernumerary secretary to the Legation in Paris. Although the French in their national excitability were irate against all foreigners, Sir Edward, after a narrow escape of being shot as a spy, succeeded in crossing the lines and accomplishing the object of his journey. The authorities were more careful of him on his return, and it was under a flag of truce that he re-entered Paris, whence, at the commencement of the siege of the French Capital, he retired with the rest of the Embassy to Bordeaux.

A contemporary calls attention to the fact that at the last Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House two hundred and three pictures only were sold within the building, out of sixteen hundred and sixty-four. Happily, the number disposed of at the bureau of the Exhibition does not in any way represent the actual number that changed hands, for it would be a bad look-out for artists generally if this estimate could be accepted. Many pictures, especially those of great artists, are sold before ever brush touches canvas, and others are disposed of during their progress, and more still on Academy Sunday, when well-known buyers are invited to view the works of the painters. There is a commission charged to artists on all sales effected at Burlington House, and this may deter poorer painters from putting the lowest prices on their productions. No conclusion can be arrived at from the figures quoted, except, maybe, that Burlington House is not the best picture market in the metropolis.

There is a rumour that "A Life for a Life," a novel that came five-and-twenty years ago from the pen of the gifted authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is being dramatised. It lends itself admirably to the process, and will make one of the healthiest, and at the same time one of the most thrilling domestic dramas of the day. Theodora and her sisters, Max Urquhart, Frank, and the girl he led astray, are all worth resuscitating on the boards, for their familiar figures in one guise or another are always crossing and recrossing the stage of human life.

A knowledge of "simples" used to be considered as essential to an English lady's education, as was that of heraldry to the accomplishments of an English gentleman. But now the herbs of the field and garden are neglected, or used only by medical men who give them new names difficult of pronunciation, and maids and matrons though very much *au fait* as to bedding plants, are ignorant of the properties of tansey, hoarhound, rue, and their congeners. A Welsh horticultural society is trying to revive the wisdom of our ancestors, and offers prizes for collections of medicinal herbs that grow in Montgomeryshire. Surely this is a step in the right direction.

Although Formosa is not and never has been tributary to the Mikado, Japan views the French occupation of that island with fear and displeasure. She considers the example a bad one, and thinks it will lead to a desire on the part of England and Russia to establish themselves, respectively, on islands that acknowledge her sovereignty. She is not, however, ill prepared, for she has a navy of ironclads, large and efficient arsenals, and a standing army trained on the best European models, and could make it decidedly warm for unwelcome intruders.

The well-known French frigate Coligny has been at Amsterdam during the visit of the French Minister of Agriculture to the International Agricultural Exhibition of that city. In sending this vessel, in preference to any other of the navy, the French Minister of Marine has shown a tact much appreciated by all the inhabitants of the Northern Venice, the name of the illustrious martyr being held in great veneration by all Dutchmen. The arms of Admiral Coligny were nicely engraved on the invitation-cards issued for the magnificent entertainments given on board the ship during her stay.

Dr. Johnson once expressed a wish, or half a wish, to have an island of his own. One in the loch of Dunvegan was offered to him by a Highland laird on condition that he would reside on it one month in the year, and he was highly amused with the fancy. He talked a great deal of this island, Boswell tells us; how he would build a house there; how he would plant; how he would have cannon; and how he would sally out and attack a neighbouring island; and then, adds the biographer, "he laughed with uncommon glee, and could hardly leave off." To be the owner of an island, or to have the prospect of possessing

one, as Sancho Panza discovered, fires the imagination. It may be doubted, however, whether any one will envy a merchant of Kirkwall, who has just purchased Copinshay, one of the wildest islands of the Orkney group, and a favourite haunt of sea-fowl, which are, we suspect, its only permanent inhabitants. Twenty-nine of the Orcades are inhabited, and a more lonely and desolate corner of the British Empire it would be difficult to visit. In stormy weather—and Orkney weather even in summer is usually stormy—these treeless islands, with their treacherous coasts, inspire a feeling of awe, but the man who would test his mental resources, or who wishes for a new sensation, should spend a winter on Hoy or Sanda.

The county of Kent, we all know, is "the garden of England"; and it is famous for its Kentish hops, Kentish cherries, Kentish cricket (with Lord Harris at the head of it), and "Kentish fire." But it is not everybody who knows that Kent is the home of the Muses. It would seem, however, to judge from what was revealed during a short visit there lately, that it is the fashion in Kent to air grievances or to proffer "entertainment for man and beast" in rhyme.

For instance, at Ashford, in Kent, the inhabitant of "Burra Cottage" has set up conspicuously on the wall a board whereon is printed, so that he who runs may read, the following tuneful plaint:

Burra Cottage: and who'd have thought it?
That William Pomfret Burra bought it?
And "with eyes," not "brains," he took the pains,
To block a poor man's window.

There is in this effusion a great deal that requires explanation before even a native of Ashford can understand it. What William Pomfret Burra bought was not the cottage, but an adjoining field, wherein he stuck up a black board, so that, should he wish to build, he might not hereafter be overlooked by the "poor man," who otherwise might have advanced the plea of "ancient view." The "eyes," not "brains," is a piece of very bitter satire, likely to be lost on the world in general, who may not be aware that the wealthy Mr. William Pomfret Burra (who is said to have dropped the "Burra" from his name and become simply Mr. William Pomfret in consequence of the poet's stinging satire) once advertised for a "man with eyes and brains" to take service with him. The grammatical structure of the lines is probably to be explained in much the same way in which a "Gampish" bit of Greek used to be explained to us in our boyhood when we were reading Thucydides. "Something," we were told, "passes in the mind of the writer"; but, if we ventured to imitate the great historian in our Greek compositions, "something passed in the mind" of the master, and caused him to produce a cane.

Again, at Kearsney, near Dover, Kent, there is, on the spot where a turnpike once stood in the days, perhaps, when Mr. Weller drove a coach and men who had been much harassed by "widders" withdrew from communion with mankind (and especially womankind), and "kept a pike," a little inn, with the sign of "the turnpike-gate" swinging in the air. Underneath the sign is a board, on one side of which is painted the following distich:

This gate swings well and hinders none;
Refresh you; pay; and travel on:

and, on the other side, the grateful traveller's reply:

I'm much refreshed; here, take your pay;
Be sure I'll call another day.

The sarcastic allusion contained in the words "and hinders none" will be apparent to the meanest capacity; and the two specimens given will suffice to show what a "pleasant wit" and what a talent for—let us say—rhyme appear to be innate in the men of Kent.

Anarchy seems to prevail among the English colony of trainers and jockeys or stable-boys settled at Chantilly, France. Two or three times a week lately there have been accounts of boys apprenticed to Anglo-French trainers, such as Messrs. C. Pratt, Webb, and others, leaving their employers suddenly, taking "French leave" in fact, without the proper certificate, and, unfortunately, taking something besides "French leave." Some of the young urchins were found the other day discussing *al fresco*, in the forest of Chantilly, some good things they had obtained in the name of Mrs. Webb from the chief confectioner of Chantilly. Having "annexed" whatever they find handy, and having, perhaps, received money from unprincipled persons for betraying "stable secrets," they abscond in twos and threes, make their way to Boulogne or Calais, and take boat for England. It is said that the sale of the stud belonging to the famous Anglo-French trainer, Mr. Henry Jennings, a sale which took place soon after Baden races, was caused, to some extent, by the difficulties Mr. Jennings experienced, now that he is well stricken in years, in dealing with his "boys" and "lads."

The military profession appears to be without honour in China, the troops are the rawest of the raw, and the most shameless corruption is the rule rather than the exception. A national proverb says, "As you would not use good iron to make a nail, you would not use a good man as a soldier." It is true that for many years past small bodies of troops have been drilled by Europeans at the treaty ports, but scarcely any attempt has been made to communicate what has thus been learned to the main body of the army in any part of the interior.

During the bombardment of Alexandria a gallant Naval officer, Commander Bradford, led a party of Marines who at great risk swam through the surf to spike the guns of Fort Mex. His prowess has by no means diminished, for last week he saved a lady from drowning at Portnieston Bay, in Cornwall, under exceptionally trying circumstances. She had been swept out to sea by an under-current, and when Commander Bradford reached her was quite insensible. He found it quite impossible to swim ashore with his burden on account of the heavy sea, and therefore made for the Medrip Rock, which he contrived to grip with one arm while he upheld the lady with the other till assistance arrived. He was much exhausted, and it was a long while before she showed signs of returning animation.

Cricket will soon be quite over for the season, and all sorts of curious facts will be collected in the papers. After all, however, there will probably be nothing so remarkable to record as the match got up by two noblemen, for a thousand guineas, in 1811, between eleven she-cricketers of Surrey and eleven she-cricketers of Hampshire. The age of the cricketers ranged from fourteen to sixty (Ann Baker, the "crack" bowleress for Surrey); the match took place in Mr. Strong's field, Ball's Pond, Middlesex; and the nobleman who backed the heroines of Hampshire "realised the stakes." Cricket-matches are not made nowadays for money, with gambling noblemen for patrons; and it is quite funny to read that cricket was greatly objected to in the "good old times," because of the gambling to which it gave rise. In our days cricket is loved and encouraged, because it is not only the healthiest, but the cheapest and least tainted with gambling of all our great sports.

Madame Edmond Adam's new book, "La Patrie Hongroise," is nothing if not political, and very skilfully she touches on the great questions that now agitate Europe, especially on those touching the position and influence of France. She writes of what she has seen; and though she visited Hungary as a *poseuse*, that attitude enabled her to know more of its institutions than if she had gone merely as a tourist and sightseer.

The greeting sent from this side of the Atlantic to Dr. Wendell Holmes on his seventy-fifth birthday must be cheering to that delightful essayist. It is well for an author to receive some of the praise due to him in his lifetime as an earnest of more hereafter. If fame be worth anything—and, in spite of the late Mr. Bagehot, most men like it who can win it—that of the man of letters is probably the truest and the most lasting. So, evidently, thinks Dr. Holmes, who observes in "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" that there is no earthly immortality to be envied so greatly as the poet's. "If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains." Dr. Wendell Holmes is more distinguished as an essayist than as a poet, but he has the "one touch" due to a fine imagination which makes an author dear to lovers of literature. Place his volumes by the side of Addison and "Elia," and probably there will be no shelf of your library to which you will turn more frequently.

The northern heights of London are just now attracting attention, and not without good reason. The population on this side of the metropolis grows rapidly, and its breathing spaces are few. Hampstead Heath, the most important open ground of the district, consists only of about 250 acres, and a strong effort is being made by a committee, headed by the Marquis of Westminster, to secure additional land before it is too late. Then the beautiful woods which lie between Hampstead, Highgate, and Crouch-end have become the property of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the question is asked, Shall these woods be sacrificed to the builder or secured permanently for the public benefit? It has been argued that Parliament, whose servants the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are, can use the property as it will, and would be justified in appropriating it to this object. Parliament, no doubt, might do many things which a regard for vested rights will prevent it from doing. It can, however, save these 1100 acres in a perfectly legitimate manner by authorising the Metropolitan Board to pay a fair amount of compensation, and we trust that this important step will be taken.

England is sadly behind hand in its educational treatment of the deaf and dumb, who, if the oral system used in Germany were adopted, would not be dumb at all. It has been proved that dumbness may be prevented by teaching spoken language, and a Training College for Teachers of the Deaf is now in active operation at Ealing. To promote the good cause, and it would be difficult to find one more deserving of support, a number of well-known authors, headed by Mr. Justin McCarthy, have published a volume of prose and verse, entitled "For their Sakes." Some of the tales and poems are charming, and all are readable; while the admirable account of the "Pure Oral" system, by the founder of the society, should do much towards promoting its success. One great cause of congenital deafness is said to be the marriage of first cousins, and the writer mentions the case of a family, eight in number, "all congenitally and totally deaf" from this cause.

Fresh wonders are continually cropping up in the kingdom of nature, and among the latest are acrobatic beans. They come from Mexico, and each pod contains three kernels, each of which is about the size of a three-penny piece, rounded on one surface, wedge-shaped on the other, and "greenery-yallery" in colour. When held between the finger and thumb they appear to pulsate, and when placed on a table they spring about sometimes to a distance of two inches. A few were recently procured by the United States Agricultural Department in Washington for the son of Secretary Frelinghuysen, so the report is not a mere traveller's tale.

The merchants who annually assemble from all parts of Europe and Asia at the fair of Nijni-Novgorod have unanimously given in their adhesion to the scheme for an international line of railway to be called the Extrême-Orient, which is highly approved of by the Russian Imperial Council, and was traced out in 1875 by General Bagdanowitsch at a geographical congress in Paris. When the line is completed it will be possible to go from Paris to Pekin in twelve days, and it need hardly be said that the Chinese do not enjoy the prospect.

The apple crop in the United States is most abundant this season, and the quantity and very superior quality of the fruit is said to be due to the comparative scarcity of moths during a far more temperate summer than usual.

The weather has also had a remarkable effect on the southern tobacco crop, for though of average value, the "pernicious weed" has put forth such small leaves in Virginia, that cultivators hardly recognise the production of their own plantations.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"George Washington," quoth the American "Orator Pop," "was a great man; and he never slopped over." John Bull used to think himself a great man; but, owing to his manifold iniquities, the cup of his obloquy and humiliation is not only full, but it has slopped over. Bull, the French press, the editor of the *Anti-Anglais*, and the author of the engaging pamphlet "Sus à l'Angleterre" have not failed to remind us, is everything that is bad. "England is the cause of all the trouble in the East. England has hypocritically encouraged those treacherous barbarians. The Englishman's pride is merely brutal egotism; his courage is a matter of guineas. Odiously perfidious and ridiculously impotent, England is now in the Chinese, as she was in the Egyptian affair, deceitful, false, and treacherous."

Of course. "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," Bull was born bad. In addition to his latest acts of turpitude, it is well known (to Bull's French critics) that he habitually oppresses the mild Hindoo; sells his wife, with a halter round her neck, in Smithfield; trains enormous "bouledogues" to bite pieces out of the calves of passing strangers; and intoxicates himself with "groggs monstrueux" made of equal parts of "porterbiere," "redartrhom," and "gimpalass." In addition, we are a nation of shopkeepers; we burned Joan of Arc; and we persist in declaring that the "Vengeur" never went down with her colours nailed to the mast and her crew shouting "Vive la République!"

This kind of thing we have heard a great many times, and must be prepared to hear it a good many times more, from our good friends on the other side of the Channel, who, after abusing us as though we were pickpockets for the last few weeks, are beginning to express astonishment that the Parisian hotels are empty and that the Boulevard shopkeepers have few English customers. Still, at this momentous crisis, when Bull, politically speaking, may be likened to the proverbial "toad under the harrow, when every tooth gave her a tig," it is hard—it is desperately hard—on B. that he should have bitter and wrathful words of misrepresentation flung at his head by a gentleman normally so placable and so benignant as Mr. Henry Richard, M.P. Speaking at Liverpool at the meeting of the "Cymrodonion," the prelude of the annual Welsh Eisteddfod, Mr. Richard observed, *inter alia*,

For a long time the English press disdained to notice these assemblages. But when they did notice them, it was only to assail them with bitter invective and vehement scorn. All the venerable bardic forms and traditions were held up to ridicule . . . At a time when the learned men of Germany and France were making a profound study of Celtic lore, and finding in it qualities of brightest admiration, these literary Bashi Bazouks of the English press were trampling it under foot with audacious and triumphant mockery. That denoted one of the idiosyncrasies of the English character. He had a theory of his own as to the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman race. It was this, that as a conquering race, as a colonising race, as a commercial race, that was in whatever related to the manipulation of the material elements of life and society, they were without their equal among the races of the world; but as a governing race they were not so successful, since they failed to attach and to assimilate to themselves other races whom they might conquer or annex. . . . There was no race in the world, with whom they had come in contact, whom they had quite succeeded in fusing and amalgamating into unity with themselves.

Is not Mr. Richard, in this contention, amusingly inconsistent? Race-fusion and amalgamation between England and Wales are precisely the things which he does not desire himself. He wants to keep the Welsh language and literature and "the bardic traditions" alive. How could they be kept alive if there was a thorough fusion and amalgamation between the two races? In the Scottish Highlands such "fusion and amalgamation" would have become much more manifest than is actually the case had it not been that for sentimental reasons the English aristocracy sympathised with the revival of the Highland dress, admired a harmless Jacobitism in poetry, and took to deerstalking and salmon-fishing as national North British sports. I am old enough to remember when not a single English newspaper ever mentioned the Braemar gathering, and when, out of *Bell's Life*, not a word was ever said in southern journalism about "goff," or "curling," or "nurr and spell," about "tossing the caber," and "putting the stone." Sir Walter Scott's novels and Hogg's Jacobite ballads made the Highlands intellectually interesting; the paffrenage of Royalty and Sir Edwin Landseer's deerstalking, dog, and shepherd pictures made the enchanting district fashionable; and then Edinburgh Professors began to think it high time that the study of Gaelic should be encouraged. "Wild Wales" is the paradise of the painter and the tourist; but the Sassenach cannot be expected to grow very enthusiastic about the Cymrodonion and the Eisteddfod until the "bardic traditions" make themselves articulate in generally readable literature.

With regard to Mr. Richard's strictures on the failure of Bull's countrymen as a governing race, I should like to ask him a question or two. Has he reflected that Bull has so far fused and amalgamated his idiosyncrasies in those of the Scot as to be able to maintain vast numbers of Scotchmen in the highest employments connected with the government of India? Has not Bull sent Scotch viceroys and Irish viceroys to Calcutta? And touching his capacity for governing foreigners, I would ask very explicitly as follows. First, is there any English or English-speaking community in any part of the world that is subject to foreign rule? Next, I would ask whether for more than a hundred years we have not been governing Frenchmen in Canada, and Spaniards at Gibraltar; for nearly a hundred years Italians at Malta and Spaniards in Trinidad; for upwards of sixty years Frenchmen in the Mauritius, Germans in Heligoland, and Dutchmen at the Cape of Good Hope? In the Ionian Islands Bull certainly failed to conciliate the natives; but he may possibly do better in Cyprus. On the other hand, where and when did our great rivals, the Germans, ever succeed in fusing and amalgamating with a race whom they had conquered and essayed to govern? Did "fusion and amalgamation" exist between the Austrians and the Lombardo-Venetians at any time between 1815 and 1859? Did the Flemings and the Dutch fuse and amalgamate in

Belgium between 1815 and 1830? Bull does his best. Here and there he has made hopeless failures. In Ireland he may never become a successful governor: elsewhere he has done pretty well.

"Balloon!" On Sept. 15 the first centenary of aerostation was celebrated in the drill-ground at Moorfields of the Honourable Artillery Company, the self-same "place of arms" where, on Sept. 15, 1784, Signor Vincenzo Lunardi, secretary to the Neapolitan Minister, made the first balloon ascent recorded in England. The "function" at the Artillery Ground on Monday last was a very grand one; and several balloon ascents were made.

It happened, unfortunately, that two days previously the so-called science of aerostation experienced a heavy blow and sore discouragement. At Meudon, near Paris, a second experiment in aerial navigation was made, in the presence of the War Minister, General Campenon, by Captains Renard and Krebs. A rather strong breeze was blowing, and, although the balloon was able for a few seconds to sail against the wind, it was unable either to rise or to return to its starting-point, the propeller, at the expiration of ten minutes, having ceased to revolve. The machine descended near Versailles, and was subsequently towed back to Meudon. So, humanity's vehicular locomotion is not to be revolutionised yet awhile. "Balloon!"

"Mamma, do they dry themselves with macaroni?" Such, it is said, was the question put by a sharp little English girl to her mamma, as she was journeying by road from Naples to Pompeii, and saw the many macaroni factories on each side the way with the unfinished macaroni hanging to dry on what were apparently clothes-horses. You may wash yourself with a great many things, from a lump of ice to a wax-candle; but it is to be feared that had the mamma of the sharp little English girl told her daughter the literal truth, it would be to the effect that among the poorer classes of Neapolitans comparatively few have any need for towels, seeing that they never wash themselves at all.

Be it as it may, the sight of the macaroni factories between Naples and Pompeii seems to have filled a correspondent of the *Times* with indignation and alarm; and he feels it a duty which he owes "to the people of this country" to caution them against "the use of macaroni and other pastes made in Italy, Naples more especially." The macaroni in course of manufacture hangs "in the open air amid clouds of dust, flies, and stench of all kinds, the locality being evidently one of the very poorest and dirtiest in this most beautiful city, and no doubt it is the stronghold of the dreadful scourge now devouring the poor inhabitants: then, without any stretch of imagination, one has only to think of this important article of food, which is so much used, being manipulated by plague-stricken workmen, who no doubt sicken and die amid the macaroni which is being prepared, under such horrible conditions, to send broadcast over the world and spread the pestilence."

This is shocking. We had vermicelli soup (flavoured with grated parmesan cheese) at dinner yesterday, and I was thinking of a dish of macaroni à l'Italienne for next Sunday. But the thought of the possibility of microbes in one's macaroni is unendurable. Are we quite certain, too, as to the immaculateness of the manufacture of Florence oil? How stands it with Bologna sausage? Nay, who shall say but that the Neapolitan coral, of which such sweetly pretty things are made for the adornment of the ladies, may not convey with it the germs of cholera?

I do not say that the macaroni-denouncing gentleman is altogether wrong, or that he is yielding to a spasm of unreasoning terror. There seems to be (according to the scientific persons) not only Death in the Pot, but the peril of death in our wall paper, our stockings, our cosmetics, and our lollipops. Cholera (according to the scientific persons) might be as readily concealed in a box of Smyrna figs or Valencia raisins or a tin of sardines as in a package of macaroni. Only, I am afraid if an analytical chemist is to supervise the proceedings of all our cooks, and the apparatus of our dinner-table is to comprise a microscope by the side of each plate, two thirds of the well-known formula, "What to Eat, Drink, and Avoid," might as well be struck out. We should be constrained to "Avoid" everything.

Especially articles of attire which owe their hue to aniline dyes. Vainly, it would appear, did the unthinking imagine that a boon to civilisation had been secured when from a product of coal-tar had been produced, by cunning chemical treatment, the colourless, oily liquid, with the vinous smell and the burning taste, which when acted upon by arsenious acid, bichromate of potassium, stannic chloride, and so forth, yields the beautiful tints known as aniline purple, aniline green, magenta, violine, &c. In the matter of these dyes the trumpet of alarm has once more been sounded by the *Times*, in which, some twenty years since, a remarkable leading article appeared on the dangers of red socks.

This time it is a lady who wore a pair of red silk stockings, "purchased not far from Charing-cross." After donning these hose she found that the colour of the stockings had been transferred to the skin, and very soon her feet were in such a high state of inflammation that she was compelled to consult a doctor, who at once pronounced that the stockings had been dyed with a poisonous aniline dye. "At once." Was the doctor quite certain that he was right in his offhand *pronunciamiento*?

The Scottish Highlanders of old, as Lord Archibald Campbell knows full well, could find on their own beautiful hills plants from which they could procure really "fast" colours, wherewith to dye the plaids which their women wove. It appears that the peasantry of Donegal are doing at present what the Highlanders did in remote ages, and have sent to

the Health Exhibition a consignment of stockings "guaranteed to be dyed with vegetable dyes." The Shah of Persia, it is also stated, has discovered the fugitive nature of aniline dyes, and excluded their importation lest they should injure the good name of Persian carpets. Finally, I may mention that I have at home a splendidly bound folio, profusely illustrated with delicate steel engravings, called "Le Caramelle Francais," in which the author, who was head confectioner late in the seventeenth century to Stanislas Duke of Lorraine and Bar, boasts that, with the exception of cochineal, all the brilliant colours which he used for the embellishment of his confectionery were of vegetable extraction. One vegetable, indeed, he would have sought to do with as a colour-giver. He substituted saffron for gamboge. For the last-named drastic insipidated sap or gum-resin many of us, I fear, have a sneaking kind of affection. Sternly used our parents and nurses to warn us against putting to our lips the paint-brush that had touched gamboge. The warning to me was in vain. The cake of gamboge (indescribably gorgeous when applied to the epaulettes of F.M. the Duke of Wellington and the helmet, cuirass, and greaves of Timour the Tartar), was the favourite one in my "box of paints;" and without sucking your paint-brush now and again, how could you (at the age of seven) finish the Duke's epaulettes, or fill in the round knobs on Timour's armour?

But this was very well when we and all the world were young. When a manufacturing firm receives an order for (say) fifty million pair of red silk stockings, or a billion of pairs of purple mittens, those dyes, I suppose, must be used, which chemistry has so obligingly placed at the disposal of commerce. It is a wholesale age. There is too much of everything, contend some philosophers. Too much London, too many newspapers, too much education, too much talk, too many laws, too many dinner parties (*à la Russe*), too much pianoforte-playing, too many speeches, and too much money in too few hands.

A correspondent ("B. M. B.") is so kind as to remonstrate with me for having incidentally remarked in a recent issue of the "Echoes" that I was growing a little blinder and a little duller every month. I am very much obliged to my correspondent for his kind remarks; but I beg leave wholly to differ from him, and to be stiffer than ever in the opinion which I expressed. If any proof were wanted that I continue to grow blinder and stupider every month, it would be found in the circumstance that I fail to discern the slightest element of genuine fun, wit, humour, or drollery in a remarkable production entitled "Shapira's Last"; otherwise "He, She, It, an Episode in Early Egyptian History." This work purports to be an adaptation, by a well-known English rhymester, of the text of the "wonderfully clever skit" entitled "Er, Sie, Es," which excited so much interest in Germany that, in the course of a few weeks, ten thousand copies of the "skit" were sold. To my dull and blind sense "He, She, It" appears only, artistically, a marvel of technical skill and, intellectually, a monument of elaborate stupidity.

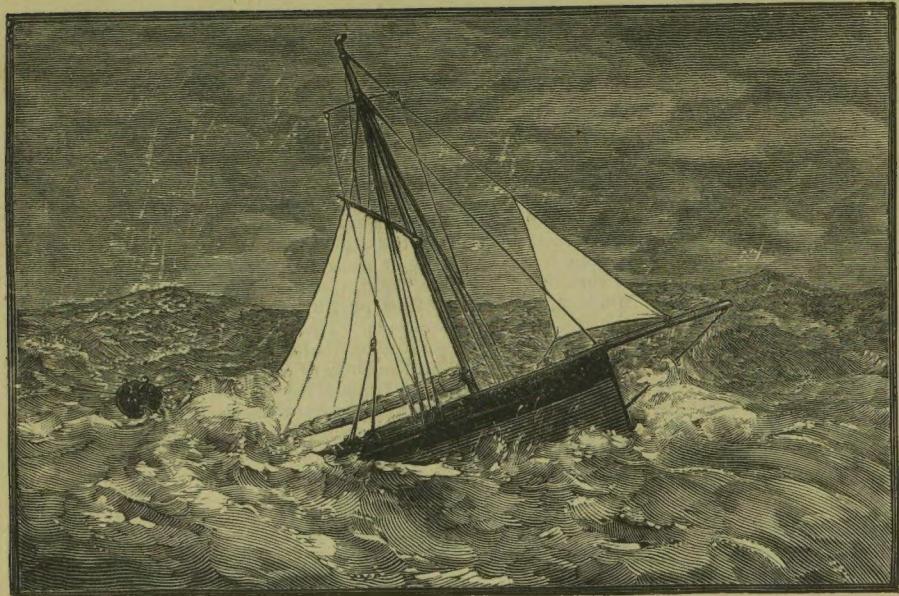
As I have said, the *technique* of the book is really wonderfully clever. It is quite possible that "the marvellous imitation of antiquity with which the book is got up has puzzled many connoisseurs." I freely grant the quaint attractiveness of the brown sackcloth covering, the frayed and ravelled edges of the leathern thongs, and the broad seal of green wax bearing an uncouth impression of the seal of King Ruppsippos. It may also readily be admitted that the illustrations by Herr Karl Maria Seyppel, a young *genre* painter of Düsseldorf, which are pictorial parodies in black and white of the groups of figures in ancient papyri, and in the mural paintings at Thebes and Beni-Hassan, are exceedingly quaint. But I wholly dissent from the complacent assertion in the prospectus of "He, She, It" that "in no previous work have the curiously stiff and unnatural attitudes of human figures found in Egyptian hieroglyphic slabs been endowed with life and connected with incidents of modern life with such startling effect and such clever drawing."

Egyptian and Assyrian iconography has been parodied times innumerable (so to speak) in England by such artists as John Tenniel, Richard Doyle, Charles Bennett, Linley Sambourne, and William Brunton. Clever young Herr Seyppel is a follower and not a leader in the graphic burlesquing of antiquity. I see that Professor Ebers, writing to Herr Seyppel, sagely remarks that, "Life is so much in earnest that we must be thankful to anyone who helps us to a hearty laugh." Beaumarchais' Barber said something to the same effect about a hundred years ago; but the worst of it is, that the contemplation of "He, She, It" does not make me laugh. It makes me yawn; and then I find myself going back to the pros and cons of the Père Bouhours' old thesis:—whether it be possible for a German to be witty. After this will you further deny that I am growing duller and blinder?

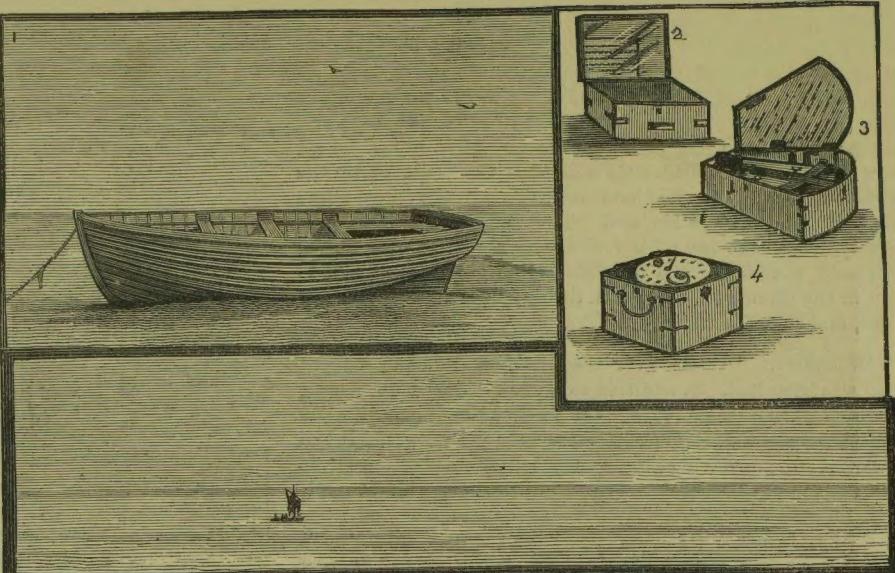
I noticed in *Notes and Queries*, the other day, that the Rev. Dr. Cobham Brewer accused me of having given him "a tremendous wiggling" because he had not helped my halting memory to the meaning of Cromwell's "Harp Lords" as mentioned above. I give anybody a tremendous wiggling! Esteemed Dr. Cobham Brewer, I am the humblest of the humble, the most deferential of the deferential. Uriah Heep was my first cousin; my real name is Mawworm, and "I like to be despised." But here is a correspondent of mine, "An Irishman," who writes in a red-hot rage from Dublin to complain that Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," and under the head of "Misnomers," states that "Irish stew is a dish not known in Ireland." "Why," exclaims my irate correspondent, "there is not a more common dish on Irishmen's tables every day in the year, from Dublin to Galway, than Irish stew." My correspondent adds that Irish stew is sometimes called "Beggars' Dish." Names are capricious. In France a dish curiously resembling Irish stew is known as a "Navarin aux pommes"; and at German table-d'hôtes I have met with an unmistakeable "toad-in-a-hole" disguised as "Côtelettes à la Nelson."

All readers of Don Quixote's weekly bill-of-fare in the first chapter of that immortal romance will remember the "duelos y quebrantos," which Motteux translates as "griefs and groans" and another translator (an Englishman) "gripes and grumblings." I am away from my books just now, or I dare say that I could cite at least a dozen more "Englishings" of "duelos y quebrantos" from as many English translations of Cervantes' masterpiece. The writer of a review of a new and splendidly illustrated edition of "Don Quixote," published by Mr. Paterson, of Edinburgh, takes exception to Motteux' phrase of "griefs and groans," "which," says the reviewer, "can carry no meaning whatever to a foreigner's mind." He proceeds to tell us that "the Manchegan delicacy was what the Scotch hill-shepherds call 'braxy'—the flesh of sheep that had died of disease or accident; only that the more frugal Spaniards economised, and pounded the bones." Certainly; but what significance would "braxy" have to an ordinary reader of an English translation of Don Quixote?

G. A. S.



AS THE MIGNONETTE WENT DOWN.



1. The dinghy in which the survivors spent 24 days at sea. 2. Lid of chronometer, with the Captain's letter to his wife. 3. Quadrant, with writing on the lid. 4. Chronometer.

THE LOSS OF THE YACHT MIGNONETTE.

THE STORY OF THE MIGNONETTE.

A sadder story of disaster at sea was never told than that of the survivors of the loss of the yacht Mignonette, which foundered on July 5 in the middle of the South Atlantic Ocean, 1300 miles from the Cape. She was a small vessel, of thirty-three tons burden, 52 ft. long, 12 ft. wide, and 7 ft. 4 in. deep, and rigged as a yawl. She was built in 1867, and was formerly owned by Mr. S. Hall, of the New Thames Yacht Club. She was purchased last year by an Australian gentleman, Mr. H. J. Want, of Sydney, who made arrangements for her being sent out to Australia. An experienced sailing-master of yachts, Captain Thomas Dudley, of Colchester, undertook this job, and engaged the assistance of Mr. Edwin Stephens, of Southampton, as mate, who had served as chief officer in the Union Company's steamers and in large sailing-ships. Edmund Brooks, of Brightlingsea, likewise an experienced seaman, accustomed both to yachting and long voyages, was also engaged. Captain Dudley is thirty-two years of age, and has a wife and several children living at Sutton, in Surrey. Mr. Stephens, who is thirty-seven years old, has a wife and

children at Southampton; but Edmund Brooks is unmarried. All three are men of excellent character, and of proved ability as sailors; Dudley was noted among yachtsmen for his courage, as well as for his steady behaviour. They took with them, from Itchen Ferry, Southampton, a lad named Richard Parker, the younger son of a widow, but who had been kindly adopted and brought up by Captain Matthews, formerly commanding one of the Isle of Wight steamers. This poor boy, who was high-spirited, intelligent, and always well behaved, had been accustomed from childhood to boats and ships, but had never before made a long voyage. He went, rather against the will of his friends, in the hopefulness of youthful ambition, thinking that it would "make a man of him;" but he has died the strangest death that ever befel any human being; and the three elders, his companions in this terrible adventure, are now brought home and held to answer a charge of wilful murder, upon their own voluntary confession of the dreadful facts, while the general feeling towards them is that of sincere compassion.

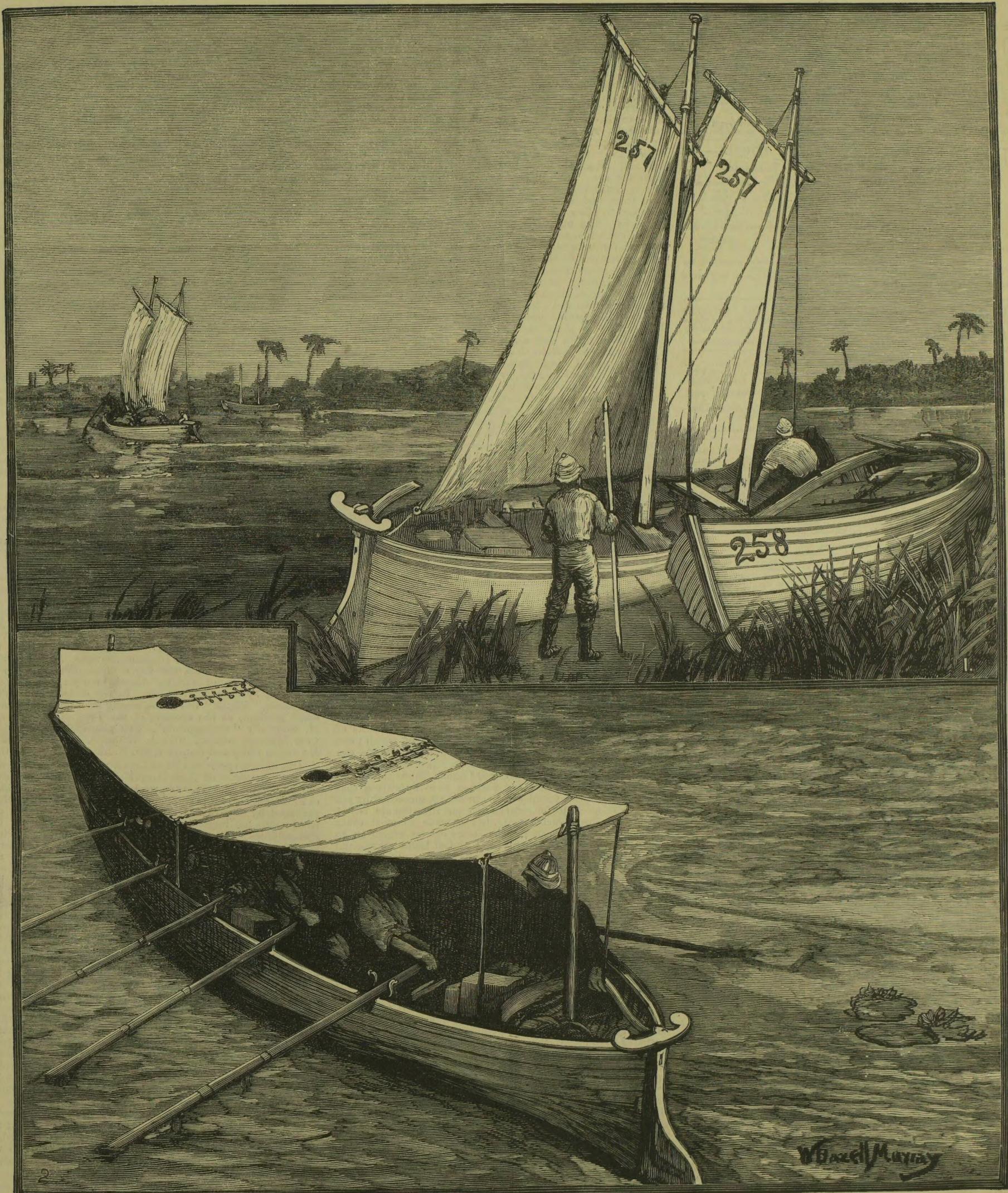
The Mignonette sailed from Southampton on May 19, stopped at Madeira a few days at the beginning of June, and met a vessel on June 14 which brought home letters from the

unfortunate crew. After crossing the Line, on the 17th, they met with heavy gales which continued many days. It is doubtful if the yacht was in a seaworthy condition; at any rate, her side was knocked in by the blow of a heavy sea, and she foundered in five minutes. They had but just time to get into the dinghy, a boat 13 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, with no provisions but two tins of preserved turnips, and without any fresh water. During the first three days they ate nothing; then they opened one of the tins, and ate the contents. On the fifth day, they caught a turtle, which yielded them food till the twelfth day, with the other tin of turnip, but they had nothing to drink. To relieve the feeling of thirst, their worst suffering, they sometimes wetted their clothes, or let themselves hang overboard in the water. The boy Parker, in spite of the remonstrances of his elders, drank a quart or two of sea-water, and it made him very ill. On the nineteenth day he appeared to be dying. The captain had already spoken to them about the possible necessity of casting lots for one to die, in order to save the lives of the rest. He now took his penknife, and killed the boy, stabbing him in the jugular vein; Stephens consenting to the act, but Brooks refusing to have anything to do with it.



Boat, showing arrangement of packages so as to form breastwork or defence against rifle shots.

THE MILITARY EXPEDITION UP THE NILE.



1. Rigged with sails. 2. Showing awning.

BOATS FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION.

All three drank the boy's blood, and ate of his flesh from the nineteenth to the twenty-fourth day. They were finally rescued by the German barque *Moctezuma*, which brought them to Falmouth; they were treated very kindly by Captain Simonsen and all on board. They did not for a moment conceal the dreadful action which had taken place. On arriving at Falmouth, they were arrested under the Mayor's warrant, and put into prison on the charge of murder, two of the crew of the German ship remaining in that port as witnesses; but the magistrates last week agreed to liberate all three prisoners on bail, adjourning the examination until Thursday of this week; and they were allowed to go to their respective homes.

We have obtained a few Sketches made by Mr. Stephens, the mate of the *Mignonette*, showing the manner in which the vessel was lost, and the "dinghy," or small boat, in which they drifted nearly a thousand miles across the Atlantic during those terrible twenty-four days, with their contrivances for sailing, and for lying-to in heavy weather. The yacht, which

had her storm try-sail and a jib-sail set at the time, was struck by the sea on her starboard quarter, between the rigging and the counter; she went down by the stern. The dinghy, of which the outside measurement is 13 ft. by 4 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., and which is very shallow and flat, just gave room for three men and a boy to stow themselves in the way shown in one of the drawings. They rigged up a sail made of the three men's shirts, with an oar set up as a mast forward, and the stern sheets stuck up aft; they also contrived a "sea anchor," of the head-sheets grating and the bed of the water-breaker, lashed together with a bit of rope, and towed astern, to keep the boat's head to wind, as the sea was so rough that they could not use their oars. The captain had saved from the yacht, to serve in navigating the boat, both the quadrant and the chronometer, but we do not suppose he was able to make any use of them. The yacht was lost in latitude 27 deg. S., and longitude 10 deg. W., or thereabouts, which would be above 600 miles south by west of St. Helena.

The boat was driven, in general, by gales from the south-east, as far as latitude 24 deg. 28 min. S., and longitude 27 deg. 22 min. W., which is nearer to Rio de Janeiro, but must be at least 500 miles from the land of South America. It was entirely out of the track of every ocean steam-ship; and it could only have been the accident of bad weather that caused the German brigantine to sail where she met with these unhappy men, whose eventual preservation is a great wonder. The affecting letter written by Captain Dudley to his wife on July 17, which he placed inside the glass lid of the chronometer-case, has been published in the daily papers. It cannot be doubted that both he and Mr. Stephens, in desiring by any means to prolong their own lives, were chiefly animated by affectionate anxiety for those dependent on them at home. Without such a motive, we should think, few Englishmen would have cared to escape death—a chosen death by drowning—at the price of a horrible outrage upon human feeling, though it might not have been an actual crime.

BIRTHS.

On the 13th inst., at Locko Park, near Derby, the Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe, of a daughter.

On the 25th ult., at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, the wife of Hugh H. Hamilton, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 10th inst., at Aldwick, near Bognor, Geoffrey, the infant son of William Henry Allen, aged 10 months.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

BRIGHTON.—Cheap Day Tickets every Weekday. From Victoria 10 a.m., Fares 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.00 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE. Cheap Day Return Tickets issued daily by Fast Trains from London Bridge, Weekdays 10.10 a.m., and Sundays 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon.

From Victoria, Weekdays 9.35 a.m., and Sundays 9.20 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction. Fares, 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

EXPRESS DAY SERVICE EVERY WEEKDAY AS UNDER:—

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.
Saturday, Sept. 20	Dep. 7.30 a.m.	Dep. 7.35 a.m.	Arr. 6.40 p.m.
Monday, " 22	" 7.30 "	" 7.35 "	" 6.40 "
Tue-day, " 23	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 7.15 "
Wednesday, " 24	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 7.15 "
Thursday, " 25	" 9.15 "	" 9.20 "	" 7.40 "
Friday, " 26	" 10.15 "	" 10.15 "	" 8.00 "

EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE—Leaving Victoria, 7.00 p.m., and London Bridge, 8.00 p.m., every Weekday and Sunday.

Available for Return within One Month. 1st Class, £2 15s. 6d. 2nd Class, £1 15s. 6d.

Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 30s.

The Normandy and Brittany, Splendid Fast Paddle-Steamer, accomplish the

passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 34 hours.

A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate-circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An IMPROVED SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Great Yarmouth, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hinstone, and Cromer.

TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are ISSUED by all Trains.

Tourist Tickets are also issued from Liverpool-street by the New Route to Scarborough, Flamborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.

For full Particulars see Bills and the Company's Time Books.

London, September, 1884. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 42 hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 20 hours; to Vienna, 33 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gotthard, 35 hours; and to every great City on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi.

Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 6s. 1d. of luggage gratis on board of the mails.

Single and Return TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 6s. 1d. of luggage gratis on board of the mails.

REFRESHMENT and dining rooms, Private Cabins, Stewardage, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express-trains.

Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars.

Agencies at London, 63, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montague de la Cour, 90a; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c.

Daily conveyance of ordinary and specie parcels.

ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Ligi, by the Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the St. Gotthard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lit, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Caygill's Offices.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playgoers. In Twenty Minutes, called SIXTY-SEVEN. Price 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costume. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion.

Return of the infinite and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE.

Performances all the year round. THURSDAY and FRIDAY at EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for the Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto, at 9.30. One-half admission direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 4s. No fees.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now on VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 28, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ADDRESSES BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AT ABERDEEN. Lord Rosebery visited Aberdeen on the 11th inst. for the double purpose of delivering an address to the Delegates at the Trades Union Congress, and receiving the freedom of the city. The noble Earl, who was the guest of Lord Aberdeen, at Haddo House, was accompanied by Lady Rosebery, and was met at the station by Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Provost, and other local dignitaries.

On entering the Congress Hall, Lord and Lady Rosebery received an enthusiastic welcome. The President, in the name of the Delegates, presented the Countess with a handsome bouquet. His Lordship spoke mainly upon the subject of an Imperial Federation of Great Britain and her Colonies. He argued that the present relations were unsatisfactory, that they ought to be closer, and that only the working classes of the Colonies and of the home country could bring such a Federation about. The noble Earl pointed out various ways in which a more intimate relationship would benefit the working classes; and he urged the Congress to take up the subject and work at it until the desired result was attained.

In the afternoon his Lordship was presented with the freedom of the city, the ceremony taking place in the Music-Hall, where there was a large and brilliant attendance. Lord Provost Matthews presided, and, after addressing Lord Rosebery in complimentary terms, tied the Latin diploma of the citizenship round the hat of the new burgess, in accordance with the usage of three centuries. Lord Rosebery, after expressing his sense of the honour conferred on him, said no one could look around without seeing that the future of Great Britain was with the cities. The population of London was now more than one sixth that of England and Wales, and in Scotland during the past ten years the urban population had increased 17 per cent, while the rural population had diminished by 4 per cent. This change of rural into urban population was continuing, and was bringing with it important consequences. He felt satisfied that, whichever Government happened to be in power, a Scotch Secretary of State Bill would be passed at no distant date, both parties being pledged to it.

Lord Rosebery on the 11th inst. gave an address to the Trades Union Congress at Aberdeen, and was afterwards presented with the freedom of the northern city.

The steamer Aberdeen, 2371 tons, Captain Barclay, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 11th inst. with a total of 611 emigrants; and on the same day the fine four-masted iron steamer Duke of Argyle left Gravesend for Queensland with 564 bounty passengers on board.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

General Lord Wolseley, with a part of the Staff appointed for the military expedition up the Nile, is now actively superintending the preparations in Egypt; while Colonel W. F. Butler C.B., Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, has this week started from London, after getting through a great deal of work at the War Office in furthering and directing the business to be done here. The steam-ship Naranja has taken on board, at Woolwich and at Portsmouth, sixty-six more of the boats specially designed and constructed for this expedition, and has sailed for Alexandria. These boats are sent out in charge of Lieutenant the Hon. F. L. Colborne, of the Royal Irish Rifles, to whose courtesy we are indebted, as well as to that of Colonel W. F. Butler, for permission given to make drawings of one of the boats, with its equipment, sails, and awning, and of the manner in which the packages on board can be arranged, if desirable, so as to form a breastwork against an enemy's rifle-shot. The boat, which is painted white, measures 30 ft. by 6 ft. 6 in., and has a depth of 2 ft. 6 in. It is built of fir, weighs about ten hundredweight, and is propelled by twelve oars and two sails. Awnings are provided to protect the crew from the sun. At the trial two and three-quarter tons of stores, consisting of biscuits, preserves, meats, vegetables, lime juice, and ammunition were placed on board, it being proposed to allow 350 rounds for each of the twelve soldiers on board. The buoyancy of the boat obtained favourable notice, and when the stores were all stowed, sufficient it was thought for a hundred days, which may be occupied in the passage up the Nile and back, and twelve men had taken their places, the mean draught was 1 ft. 8 in., being 4 in. under the prescribed limit. Including valises, camp equipment, and other necessities, the total weight on board was estimated at upwards of three and a half tons.

Lord Wolseley has ordered a camel corps to be formed of detachments of equal strength from the three Household Cavalry Regiments and sixteen other cavalry regiments in England, as well as from the seven battalions of the Guards. The strength of each detachment is to be two officers and forty-four rank and file, or eleven hundred in all. They are to be formed in three divisions, the first to consist of heavy cavalry, the second of light cavalry, and the third of Guards.

There was sharp fighting near Souakum on Monday, when twenty of the Souakim police, and fifty men of the Amarar tribe, while escorting a convoy of supplies and thirty women, were attacked by 200 Hadendowas, some on horseback. Major Chermside sent off 100 men to assist the Amarars, who, in the meantime, gained a complete victory, mainly owing to the efforts of the police. Osman Digna's nephew and sixty Hadendowas were killed. The loss of the Amarars in killed and wounded was twenty. They captured a quantity of booty and nineteen horses, mules, and camels. The police escorted the women to Souakim unharmed.

Our Extra Supplement Engraving shows a party of Arabs of the Desert, under command of British officers, out for a "Reconnaissance," and halting for repose on their toilsome march.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 17.

Though on many accounts money is now working off, the competition for the best Stock Exchange securities continues. The British Funds move with the rest, and Consols are being bought day by day, in spite of the threatened repayment, bankers and others who are familiar with all the questions at issue being apparently the principal buyers. The small investor who is in Consols probably remains in, but he is not likely to desire more under present circumstances. His own municipal stock is much more familiar to him, is quite as safe, and pays much more. Or he may go to the stocks of the great colonies, and there select from several which yield 3½ to 4 per cent. The new 3½ per cent issue of Canada can still be got at 95 to 96; and though this seems a relatively high price, it is to be borne in mind that Canada stands at the top of colonial borrowers, and her position is so improving that even this high price promises to be presently succeeded by yet higher levels. But the competition for investments is not confined to Government issues, but extends to most other classes. Only American railway issues are an exception to this, and they are further depressed by bad traffic statements and continued disclosures as to the financial condition of the defaulted companies.

Subject to final audit, the revenue of the Grand Trunk Railway, for the half-year ending June, is telegraphed to be £433,573 against £511,969, the extra receipts being £81,423 against £51,320. Interest on debenture stock, bonds, and rents takes up £327,171, as against £313,822 last year, and subsidiary lines absorb £73,627 under the various agreements.

This leaves £114,192 between the Great Western and Grand Trunk capitals, the former taking £34,258 and the Grand Trunk £79,934. This will permit of the first preference dividend of the Grand Trunk being paid in full, leaving £592 over as compared with £1032 brought in.

In making known that they have determined to pay the usual interim dividend of 10 per cent per annum, the directors of the Rio de Janeiro Gas Company, Limited, narrate the course of their negotiations with the Government in regard to the new tender for supplying Rio with gas. Nothing is yet settled. The authorities go on advertising for fresh tenders, and the company have formally withdrawn their tender.

The unfortunate share and bond holders of the Erie Railway Company are asked to once more provide means to put their affairs in order, and their English representatives not only think that as much as 5,000,000 dols. should be raised for this purpose, but they have as good as said that the English holders of the company's securities will contribute their proportion.

It is now assumed that the yield of corn throughout Europe this year will a little exceed a good average. A few of the smaller countries are below, and some are above. Most of the northern countries hold a good position this year.

The North British Railway dividend of 3½ per cent per annum is the same as last year. The amount to be carried forward is £4500. T. S.

The salmon net-fishing on the Tweed closed last Saturday. The season was a very unremunerative one to the lessees of fisheries, as salmon have been scarce, whilst grilse and trout have been much below the average.

In a memoir of Colonel Sir Charles W. Wilson, K.C.M.G., C.B., R.E., lately appointed to a high post on Lord Wolseley's Staff in Egypt, we last week referred to his important work in the topographical survey of Palestine. It should have been explained that, previously to the institution of the Palestine Exploration Fund, he had gone to Palestine, at the suggestion of Lady Burdett-Coutts, but paying his own personal expenses, and executed a survey of the city of Jerusalem, with a view to the improvement of its water supply. In the course of this work, he made some discoveries of archaeological interest, which led in the following year to the foundation of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Our Portrait of Sir Charles Wilson was from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin.

MUSIC.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

A few remarks remain to be added to our previous notices of this celebration. Mr. C. H. Lloyd's new cantata, "Hero and Leander" (briefly referred to last week), was the one absolute novelty of the occasion. As previously said, the author of the words is Mr. F. E. Weatherly, the subject being the well-known classic legend. The work consists of two parts, supplemented by an epilogue. The first portion, "The Feast of Adonis," opens with a chorus of people from Abydos, introduced by a characteristic orchestral prelude, the whole movement being well sustained and highly suggestive. The next noticeable pieces are the Processional music and the "Hymn to Adonis," in which is some ingenious reflection of the antique style by the use of the ancient minor mode. The duet for Hero and Leander, "I had a dream of Love," is one of the best numbers in the work, full of melody, well written for the voices in contrast and combination. This piece—admirably sung by Miss A. Williams and Mr. Santley—pleased greatly. The music, choral and otherwise, celebrating the "Return to Abydos," is genial and characteristic. The second part of the cantata is naturally of a more sombre tone. Leander's air, "The sky is black," has some good declamatory vocal passages and some effective orchestral writing; the following scene for Hero, "Oh! love, whytarrest thou?" being very expressive of grief and despair, but too brief for the importance of the situation. The Epilogue consists of some pleasing strains for chorus and orchestra, expressive of commiseration for the fate of the lovers. The recurrence, in several portions of the cantata, of certain marked phrases associated with special incidents or sentiments, gives a good effect of unity to the whole. It might have been wished that Mr. Lloyd had given more of development to some of the movements, his work erring rather on the side of brevity than diffuseness. There is much merit in the music—sufficient indeed to justify its repetition in London, and its wide acceptance by choral societies. Miss A. Williams and Mr. Santley gave full effect, respectively, to all the music for the characters of Hero and Leander, and the performance (conducted by the composer) was also very efficient in other respects. The cantata was received with great applause. It was preceded and followed by a miscellaneous vocal and instrumental selection, a specialty in which was Mr. Carrodus's fine performance of the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto.

The next morning's performance of Cherubini's grand mass in D minor included the important feature of Madame Albani's admirable rendering of the chief solo soprano music, as at the previous Worcester Festival, in 1881. The other principal vocalists last week were: Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Enriquez, Mr. B. Newth, and Mr. Brereton, Mr. Dyson having assisted in the "Incarnatus" for six voices. Handel's overture to "Esther" opened the second part of the morning's performance, and Bach's cantata, "God so loved the world," ("Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt") followed. This work (which was composed for use at Whitsuntide) contains an introductory and a final chorus, an air for soprano and one for bass. The choruses are in the grand style of the old master, the last movement being an especially fine example of fugal writing. The soprano air, "My heart ever trusting," has long been popular. It was finely sung by Madame Albani. The somewhat dull bass air was carefully rendered by Mr. Brereton. Spohr's graceful and melodious—but scarcely sublime—"Christian's Prayer," was effectively given, the solos by Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Enriquez, Mr. B. Newth, and Mr. Brereton, and the day's programme closed with Schubert's "Song of Miriam," the soprano part of which was well sung by Miss A. Williams. In the evening (also in the cathedral), "Elijah" was given, having been removed from its usual position, at the opening of the Festival, in favour of M. Gounod's "Redemption." The principals in "Elijah" were Madame Albani, Miss A. Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mesdames Patey and Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley.

One of the specialties of the week was the first performance at Worcester of Herr Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," conducted by himself. This fine work has been previously spoken of in reference to its performance in London, where it was first produced by the Musical Society of London. The work derived additional impressiveness from being heard amid the surroundings of the magnificent religious temple in which it was given at Worcester. The co-operation of Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley secured the excellent rendering of the solo portions, and the orchestral and choral performances were also worthy of the occasion. The first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" followed the "Stabat Mater"—the soloists having been Miss A. Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Millward. In the evening, the second and last miscellaneous concert took place, with a varied and interesting vocal and instrumental programme, a specialty in which was Herr Dvorak's orchestral symphony in D, conducted by himself. The work is strongly characterised by the nationality of the Bohemian composer, especially in the vigorous and impulsive "Scherzo" with its marked rhythm. As we have previously commented on the symphony, we need now only say that it was finely played by the band, it and its composer having been enthusiastically received. A selection of choruses and solos from the second act of Gluck's opera, "Orfeo," was another prominent item of the programme. The airs for Orpheus and Eurydice were expressively sung, respectively, by Madame Patey and Mrs. Hutchinson. In the general rendering of the selection, however, there were one or two indications of insufficient rehearsal.

The "Messiah" at the cathedral in the morning, and a special



THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION: A RECONNAISSANCE.

of the three dioceses by collections made at the cathedral, and subsequent donations—the receipts for admission to the performances generally falling below the expenses, the deficit being made up by the honorary stewards. The collections at the cathedral last week amounted to upwards of £1000, and this sum will doubtless be increased by further donations.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Augustus Harris deserves to be complimented on the good taste displayed in the redecoration of Drury Lane Theatre, which, handsomely garnished and thoroughly cleaned, was reopened on Thursday night, September the Eleventh, with a grand revival of the most remarkable sensational drama of modern times, comprehensively entitled "The World," by the joint authors, Mr. Paul Meritt, Mr. Henry Pettitt, and Mr. Harris himself. I apprehend the collaborateurs who laboured and brought forth this extraordinary *olla podrida* must have scrutinised the World through spectacles of a very jaundiced hue—say, through Mr. Justice Hawkins's, if that severe Moralist and acute Judge does wear glasses. Mankind does not appear in an agreeable light in "The World." In these days of Dynamitards, however, the blowing-up of a Cape passenger-ship by an Infernal Machine may be regarded as a legitimate feature of an exciting play designed to represent the times we live in; and a late deplorable story of the castaway crew of the lost yacht *Mignonette* lends particular force to the exceptionally effective Raft scene in "The World." In mid-ocean, with only a few planks between them and the deep, are seen a group of survivors from the *Lily of the Valley*. They are Charles Hartley, otherwise Sir Clement Huntingford (earnestly impersonated by Mr. Arthur Dacre); a famished sailor who breathes his last on the frail raft; and young Ned Owen, a youth whom Sir Clement saves from the desperate attacks of the gaunt and parched Martin Bashford, who would greedily swallow the few precious drops of water left. This raft effect is admirably managed. As Mr. Lionel Brough, looking in as a naval connoisseur from "The Babes" might say, "Just agony enough; but not too much agony!" It is clear that general relief is experienced when a ship in full sail comes in view, and the flash and report of a signal-gun tell the castaways that rescue is close at hand. There is a hearty and sustained outburst of applause as the curtain descends on this striking stage picture. With similar fidelity are reproduced the brilliant Westminster Aquarium scene, wherein Mr. Augustus Harris earnestly delineates the perfidious character of as good-looking a villain as ever trod the stage, the irreclaimable Harry Huntingford; the Chloroform situation at the Great Hotel; the River Retreat and Victory; the rencontre of the heroine and villain, with its surprising dénouement, at the Palace Chambers; and the gay and glittering Last Dance at the Fancy-Dress Ball strangely chosen for meting out final justice to all. Enriched with new and elaborate scenery from the clever brush of Mr. Henry Emden; and produced with a skill worthy the reputation of MM. Augustus and Charles Harris, "The World" was sent revolving on what should be another successful run—a result which will be materially contributed to by the energetic acting, especially of the enterprising and industrious Manager himself as Harry Huntingford; of Mr. Arthur Dacre as the Sir Clement from whose life "the clouds roll by" at last; of Mr. R. C. Carton in the clearly-cut character of Langley, the scoundrelly solicitor; of Mr. John Wainwright as the Diamond-seeker, Martin Bashford; and of Miss Agnes Thomas, who fills with marked ability the part of the boy, Ned Owen. Unfailing laughter greets the droll "gags" of Mr. Harry Jackson as the unscrupulous Moss Jewell; but the morality and expediency of making an obtrusive comic character of so consummate a rascal may be questioned. The little given to the ladies to do was creditably performed by Miss Marie Illington as Mary Blythe; by Miss Edith Woodworth as the resplendent Mabel Huntingford; and by Miss Lizzie Claremont as Miss McTab.

The delightful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and the fantastic humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert again shine to advantage at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte on Monday reopened his pleasantly cool playhouse (refreshingly illuminated by the Electric Light), and reproduced the sprightly lyric comedy of "Princess Ida," with Miss Leonora Braham still seductively bright and captivating as the leader of the "sweet girl graduates"; and with the remaining favourites in their respective rôles: Mr. George Grossmith as grotesque as ever as the King Gama, who "can't tell why"; the sprightly Miss Jessie Bond as lively as of yore as Melissa, and comely Miss Kate Chard again full of witchery as Psyche. Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Bracy, and Durward Lely fill their allotted parts with the manliness and humour of old. As a refined entertainment, in a word, "Princess Ida" remains unapproached in the list of London recreations.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey seemingly has a keen eye for beauty. Not content with re-establishing handsome Miss Mary Anderson as a popular favourite at the Lyceum, Mr. Abbey will in the winter take a lease of the Prince's Theatre in order to exhibit the talents and personal charms of Mrs. Langtry afresh to London audiences. This exceedingly attractive lady is meantime maturing her powers and successfully touring in the provinces as Miss Hardcastle, Lady Teazle, Julia, and Lady Ormond in "in Peril."

The reopening of the Court Theatre by Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil with the Haymarket comedy of "New Men and Old Acres" will claim notice next week.

Flying visits to the East-End and to the North of London have disclosed two startling melodramas of an old, old type, but ever new. The fact that the harrowing villainies in Mr. James Willing's formidable new play of "Daybreak" at the refurbished Standard are only dreamt by the sorely-tried heroine, Miss Carlotta Addison, detracts from the interest of the exciting story. Yet is it well worth a trip to Shoreditch to admire the skill and *évasion* with which animated tableaux of the Derby Day and the Return from Epsom are placed upon the stage by Mr. John Douglass; and to judge of the naturalness with which Mr. Richard Douglass, with the touch of a true Artist, renders rural scenes. Furthermore, "Daybreak" is singularly well enacted by Miss Amy Steinberg (whose portrayal of a breach-of-promise-seeking widow is very droll and amusing), by Mr. E. Sass, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Mr. F. Shepherd, a cheery low comedian extremely popular with the Standard audience. It is the realism of the Derby scenes, represented with a *Frith*-like power, that will draw people Eastward ho, however, to behold "Daybreak."

"A Ruined Life," though constructed of familiar materials, is a drama of power, indicating that the authors, Mr. Arthur Goodrich and Mr. J. R. Crawford, possess a considerable knowledge of stage effect. It is just the kind of piece to suit the Grand Theatre, built on the ashes of the Philharmonic, Islington. In "A Ruined Life" sensational episode succeeds sensational episode with a rapidity which evokes the shrill approving whistles of the "gods." The inevitable babe that

stands between one particular personage and fortune is stolen, and left with a worthy couple named Potts, but only to be reared to fill the office of clerk in the counting-house of the conscience-stricken Mr. Mountcashel, the hand of whose fair daughter he eventually wins after triumphing over a sanctimonious villain, one Silas Wheedle. Brightly mounted, "A Ruined Life" is strongly cast, the complex story being admirably represented by Mr. J. H. Clyndes, Mr. Goodrich, Mr. Crawford, Mr. H. Proctor, Miss Ella Claiborne, Miss T. Lavis, and Mr. C. A. White, among others.

The latest novelty at the Westminster Aquarium, the African Earthmen, will be found well worth seeing; notably entertaining being the intelligent pantomime of the symmetrical leader of the troupe. At the adjoining Imperial Theatre Miss Ada Ward and Captain Disney Roebeck appear in "The Honeymoon."

It will be seen that the Town offers enough to pick and choose from in the way of dramatic fare, in all conscience.

G. A. S.

THE VOYAGE TO MONTREAL.

The seven or eight hundred members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, who crossed the Atlantic to attend the Congress of that learned society in the great commercial city of Canada, enjoyed in most instances a delightful voyage. We have to thank Mr. Richard H. Watt, of Bowdon, near Manchester, a passenger on board the steamer Oregon, of the Dominion Line, for a series of Sketches which will be acceptable to many of our readers. The common incidents of the summer route from Liverpool, round the North of Ireland, directly across the ocean and through the Straits of Belleisle, which divide Newfoundland from Labrador, thence up the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the noble river of that name, to Quebec and Montreal, are familiarly known to a great number of travelled Englishmen who have chosen to visit the nearest and greatest of British Colonies. Our correspondent had the opportunity of introducing some figures and scenes more especially characteristic of this particular occasion; for there were, among his fellow-passengers, several learned Professors, and other accomplished persons, who kindly delivered lectures and addresses in the saloon, and the audiences gathered to hear them had quite as good a time as in lounging on deck or playing the ordinary games that beguile hours and days at sea. Dr. Robert Ball, F.R.S., the Royal Astronomer for Ireland, Professor Williamson, F.R.S., of Dublin University, Mr. T. Rupert Jones, F.R.S., the geologist, Mr. E. Ravenstein, of the Royal Geographical Society, Dr. Anthony Traill, of Dublin, Mr. David Chadwick, M.P., and other gentlemen, contributed in this way to the intellectual entertainment of those on board, all being freely admitted. The Oregon left the Mersey on Thursday, the 14th ult., at three o'clock in the afternoon, about the same time as the Polynesian, of the Allan Line of steam-ships, and they were in sight of each other three or four days. She put in at Belfast Lough very early in the morning, on Friday, and lay there till half-past nine, receiving the mails from shore by the tender. The mails for the Allan steam-ships are put on board at Moville, in Lough Foyle, near Londonderry. The Polynesian, which had been last seen off the Calf of Man, five hours after leaving the Mersey together, again came in sight on Saturday evening, beyond the north-west coast of Ireland, but was lost to view a day or two later. There was a strong westerly wind, and a rather high sea; the weather in general was cloudy. The course after leaving Ireland was to north-west for three days, and rather south-west afterwards. The passengers, including scientific philosophers and reverend divines, condescended to divert themselves with "shuffleboard" and "hopscotch," to the delight of their little girls, and of sensible elder ladies. A fine Aurora Borealis was seen on the night of the 20th, and icebergs to the north on the following day, when the ship was approaching the North American Continent. The portrait of Captain Williams, commander of the Oregon, was sketched as he stood on the bridge and proclaimed that icebergs were in sight. On Friday evening, the 22nd, six days after quitting Liverpool, they entered the Straits of Belleisle, having the island of that name, and the opposite coast of Newfoundland, in sight before dark. The Atlantic is thus easily crossed in less than a week. The lectures delivered had been on "Electric Railways," by Dr. Traill, with exhibition of model engines and cars; "Reminiscences of the House of Commons," by Mr. D. Chadwick, M.P.; "Recent Exploration in Africa," by Mr. Ravenstein; "Geology, particularly that of Chalk," by Mr. Rupert Jones; and "The Corridors of Time," by Professor Ball, Royal Astronomer of Dublin. On Sunday, the 24th, religious service was performed in the steerage by the Rev. Dr. Pott, of Montreal. The passage up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, after passing the promontory of Gaspé on the southern shore of the Gulf, presented a succession of fine views; and that of the town and grand old citadel, high on its fortified cliff, overlooking the port and the majestic river, can never fail to interest a visitor from Great Britain. The Falls of Montmorency, a short distance from Quebec, are seen from the passing ship, but are worthy of a closer inspection. On leaving the Oregon at Quebec, on the evening of the 24th, an address was presented to Captain Williams, signed by eighty of the passengers, acknowledging his courtesy and kindness, and expressing their confidence in his skill, and their satisfaction with everything on board the ship. Montreal, which our correspondent reached two or three days later, is not only a flourishing but also an interesting city; and its situation, with the fine wooded hill rising behind it, and the broad expanse of water in front, is remarkable to view. The members of the British Association were soon made to feel themselves quite at home in Montreal, as much as in any provincial town of the United Kingdom.

The Lord Mayor has opened a fund at the Mansion House for the benefit of the sufferers in Naples.

Tuesday's *Gazette* contains the text of the treaty for the suppression of the African slave trade, concluded between her Majesty and the King of Abyssinia.

A large deputation waited upon the Huddersfield Town Council on Tuesday, and requested the members to put into operation the powers of the Public Free Libraries Act. The Mayor read a letter from Mr. Joseph Crosland, borough magistrate and chairman of the Huddersfield Banking Company, offering to give £5000 towards the cost, provided the remainder was raised by subscription. The deputation estimated that the total cost would be £6000.

Last Saturday afternoon the Mayor of Bradford, in the presence of the Corporation, opened the Bradford-moor recreation-grounds, which had been dedicated to the use of the public by the town council. An estate consisting of forty-eight acres of moorland having been bought at a cost of £10,000 by the Corporation, an excellent site, comprising one third of the whole, has been laid out as pleasure-grounds, £8000 being spent in the ornamentation of the land, the formation of lawns for tennis, football, cricket, and other outdoor games.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week the Crown Princess of Germany, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, and Princess Victoria of Prussia took leave of the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty walked out with Princess Beatrice in the morning, and drove with her Royal Highness, attended by the Countess of Erroll, in the afternoon. On Saturday afternoon her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove out on the Glenclunie road by Auchaleter Farm to Fraser's Brig. The Glenclunie was crossed here to the north side, along which the carriage proceeded to Coldrach Farm, where the Royal party partook of tea, after which the Queen engaged in sketching for the best part of an hour. Braemar was reached on the home journey at half-past six. The Queen's dinner party included the Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor, as well as the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Principal Tulloch, who both arrived at the castle in the afternoon on a visit to her Majesty. Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday by the Rev. Principal Tulloch, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Royal household. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Prince Alfred and Princesses Marie, Victoria, and Melita, visited the Queen and remained to luncheon. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., and the Rev. Principal Tulloch had the honour of dining with her Majesty. On Monday morning the Queen walked out with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon her Majesty drove, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely and the Hon. Frederica Fitzroy. Princess Beatrice rode, attended by Miss Bauer. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., the Very Rev. Principal Tulloch, D.D., and General Lynedoch Gardiner, left the castle. The Duchess of Albany, with her two children, arrived at Balmoral on Tuesday afternoon. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by Princess Christian, and was met at Ballater by Princess Beatrice. The Grand Duke of Hesse and his daughter Princess Irene have also arrived at Balmoral on a visit to the Queen.

The Queen has sent a telegram to Queen Margaret, at Monza, expressing her sorrow and sympathy at the outbreak of cholera in Naples, and her hopes for its speedy abatement.

The Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess Victoria of Prussia yesterday week visited the principal sights in Edinburgh. In the morning their Royal Highnesses inspected the Loan Exhibition of Scottish National Portraits, afterwards visiting Holyrood Palace, the Royal Infirmary, and St. Giles' Cathedral. On their returning to the Balmoral Hotel, the Lord Provost, Sir George Harrison, had the honour of an interview. Their Royal Highnesses subsequently drove to the castle and the Forestry Exhibition, and left for London by the 9.10 p.m. train. The German Crown Princess and Princess Victoria, with their suite, left England last Saturday for Düsseldorf, crossing from Sheerness to Flushing. Princesses Sophia and Margaret of Prussia will remain at Osborne until about the 26th inst.

The Prince of Wales on Monday morning left Duddingston Castle, where he had been the guest of the Earl and Countess of Dudley since Saturday. He drove from the Castle to Perth, where he took the train for Aberdeen. A large crowd had assembled at the station, and the Prince was heartily cheered. Ballater was reached about five o'clock, and the Prince at once entered a waggonette and drove off. The weather was fine, and a pleasant drive was experienced to Abergeldie, which was reached at six. Prince George of Wales is pursuing his studies at Greenwich College.

Vice-Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh joined the Duchess at Birkhall last week.

The Duke of Connaught, who has passed an examination in Hindustani, will return to England next April.

Sir Peter Braila Améni, G.C.M.G., the Greek Minister to England, died on Monday. His Excellency had represented Greece in London since the spring of 1882.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Sir George Dallas, Bart., with Miss Felice Mary Welby, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Earle Welby, was solemnised on Wednesday at the parish church of Barrowby, Lincolnshire, the Bishop of Nottingham and the Rev. M. E. Welby officiating. The bride wore a dress of white satin duchesse, handsomely trimmed with old Flemish point lace and pearls, white tulle veil with a tiara of diamonds, and looped up with two diamond stars, and round her throat a necklace of pearls with beautiful diamond pendant. She carried a bouquet of the choicest flowers, her train being borne by two pages, the Earl of Cottenham and the Hon. Everard Pepys, nephews of the bridegroom, dressed in pale blue satin and plush suits of the date of Queen Elizabeth. The bridesmaids (Miss Emily Welby, Miss Ethel Law, Miss Welby, Miss Dent, Lady Evelyn Bertie, Miss L. Welby, Lady Mry Pepys, and Miss Adeane Pelham) wore white striped satin bodices and white muslin skirts covered with Valenciennes lace, relieved with pale-blue velvet bows. They wore veils and blue feathers on their heads. Each bridesmaid wore a diamond swallow brooch, and carried bouquets of tea roses, gardenias, and forget-me-nots, the gifts of the bridegroom. The best man was Colonel Francis Towne Adeane Law, C.B.

Sir William Grenville Williams, Bart., of Bodelwyddan and Pengwern, Flintshire, was married to Miss Ellinor Harriet Hurt Sitwell, only daughter of Mr. Willoughby Hurt Sitwell, of Ferney Hall, Shropshire, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, last Tuesday. The Earl of Powis, the Dean of Hereford, Sir Watkin and Lady Williams Wynn and many other friends were present.

Mr. Robert J. Foster, of Harrowins, near Queensberry, Yorkshire, was married to the Hon. Evelyn Augusta Bateman-Hanbury, second daughter of Lord Bateman, on Tuesday afternoon, by special license, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, in the presence of many relatives and friends of both families—among them being the Marchioness of Donegall and Lady Dorcas Chichester, Earl Beauchamp, Earl and Countess Stanhope, the Earl of Powis, the Countess of Norbury and Ladies Graham Toler, Viscountess Massareene and Ferrard, and the Hon. Mrs. Skeffington, Lord and Lady Northwick, Lord and Lady Edward Churchill, and the Hon. Robert and Mrs. Lawley.

Charing-cross railway bridge is to be widened, and at low-water on the 11th inst. the first cylinder was placed in position.

The inaugural performance of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels' twentieth consecutive year at St. James's Hall in one continuous season was given on Thursday evening, when an entirely new entertainment was presented. This company's performances, a pleasant medley of drollery and pathos, continue to draw crowded audiences. During the Health Exhibition there are special attractions.

The North London Musical Society—now in course of formation—promises to exercise a beneficial influence in its locality, its present temporary address being Jenner-road, Stoke Newington. The institution proposes to give concerts, with the co-operation of a choir and a string band; free tuition to students of special talent; prize competitions and foundation scholarships being among the objects of the society.



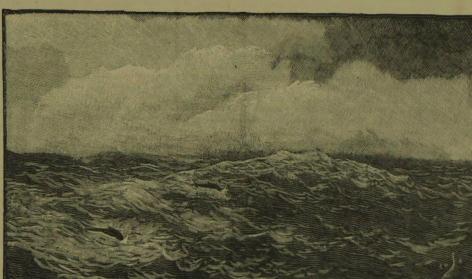
Pennanmawr, Puffin Island, and Anglesey.



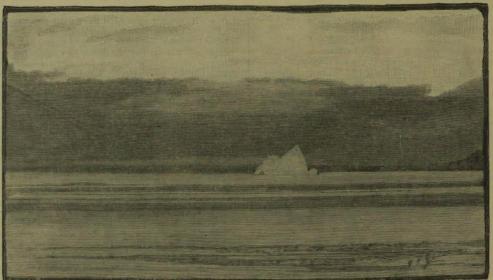
Belfast Lough—Tender Returning to Belfast.



The Last of "Old Ireland"—A Dirty Sea.



Porpoises.



Iceland : Latitude 51 deg. 8 min. N., longitude 22 deg. 52 min. W.



A Lecture on "Electric Railways."



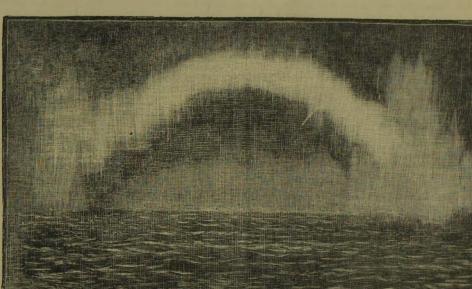
Captain Williams, Commanding a.s.s. Oregon.



Chairman of the Concert.



"Reminiscences of the House of Commons."

The Aurora Borealis, 9.30 p.m., Aug. 20.
Latitude 54 deg. 22 min. N.; longitude 44 deg. 40 min. W.

Pilot Cutter on the St. Lawrence.



"Recent Exploration in Africa."



View of the Coast at Gaspé, Gulf of St. Lawrence.



The Astronomer Royal of Ireland.



A Philosopher.



Geologist Lecturing on a Piece of Chalk.



Belle Isle—Strait of Belle Isle.



Southern Shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite Bis Island.



Quebec and Point Lévis, from the Hills above the Falls of Montmorency.



Quebec—8.30 p.m., Sunday, Aug. 24.



Approach to Montreal, 6.30 a.m., Aug. 27.

THE RECESS.

Party argument on the County Franchise Bill has not advanced a single stage further. Quitting the Earl of Fife's hospitable seat at New Mar Lodge on Monday for Haddo House, Mr. Gladstone was the recipient of fresh manifestations of Scottish enthusiasm at each stopping-place. The Prime Minister became the guest of the Earl of Aberdeen; and was on Wednesday agreeably made aware that in the cordial demonstrativeness of its Liberalism Aberdeen equals the fervour of Edinburgh. The Prime Minister's passage through the thronged streets of Aberdeen was a truly triumphal progress. The keynote of all the Premier's utterances was struck on Monday, when, speaking from his carriage window in answer to the Address presented by the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, the right hon. gentleman concluded a brief speech by saying:—

Well, I wish to say, my Lord Provost, before you and your fellow-citizens, that the marks of that enthusiasm have been still more abundant and still more undenied during the weeks that I have now spent in Scotland than they were in 1879 (Cheers). I know it very well to be the case that, happening to be, however inadequately and unworthily, the head of the Queen's Government, I am naturally taken as the symbol of a great cause. It is the cause which excites your interest, and which, believe me, excites mine (Hear, hear, and renewed cheers). I may not have a great deal of strength or a great deal of time yet left to me, but until that great cause is disposed of, my strength and my time, whatever they may be, are at your service (Cheers).

Sir Stafford Northcote on Monday gallantly opened his Midlothian campaign in Edinburgh. The Leader of the Opposition in the Commons was warmly welcomed by the Conservatives of the county, and loyally greeted at the Conservative Club. At the inevitable luncheon, Sir Stafford Northcote repudiated the notion that the Marquis of Salisbury was chiefly responsible for the Conservative antagonism to a Franchise measure unaccompanied by a Redistribution Bill. The Conservative leaders as a body shared the responsibility, and concurred in the justice and expediency of the stand made by the majority of the House of Lords. Such has been the argument which Sir Stafford Northcote has repeated at subsequent Midlothian meetings. He maintained his opinion at Hopetoun House, on Tuesday, when a considerable number of Conservative addresses of confidence were received and acknowledged by him. In the evening the right hon. Baronet still stood by the Franchise Bill and Redistribution measure coupled; but he concluded by attacking the Government for their alleged failures in Egypt and South Africa. While the Earl of Carnarvon was earnestly speaking in the same strain on Saturday at a Conservative gathering in Hedsor Park, near Maidenhead, Mr. Bradlaugh was at a large meeting in Victoria Park, defending the Franchise Bill and attacking the Lords.

After this stormy Recess, it will be a relief when Parliament reassembles, on Oct. 23, "for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs."

Lord Winmarleigh yesterday week opened a home for friendless girls at Croston, near Ormskirk, erected by the ladies of Preston, and observed on the work ladies might do for the Church, eulogising the Countess of Lathom and Lady Louisa Cavendish for their work for the good of their sex.

In the presence of a large number of spectators at Lydd Camp, near Dover, yesterday week, and at a special parade of the troops, Sergeant Howell, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, was presented with a medal for distinguished bravery in the field at the battle of Tamai.

It is announced in the *Gazette* that the petition of the Hon. William E. Sackville West and others, praying for the grant of a charter incorporating a college for North Wales, and that the site of such college may be at Bangor, will be taken into consideration by a Committee of the Lords of the Council.

The awards of the International Forestry Exhibition, Edinburgh, were issued last week. In the British section, her Majesty has received a first-class gold medal for a model of Balmoral summer-house, composed of Scotch firs. Great Britain has received nine first-class gold medals, British Guiana one, India one, Japan one, and the United States one.

Chester Castle Prison was closed last Saturday by order of the Home Secretary to civil prisoners; and all the remaining convicts were removed to Knutsford. The castle now remains in exclusive possession of the military authorities as an establishment for military prisoners. The whole of the staff of officers and warders have received appointments at other jails.

Last Saturday what has been truly the most active and useful season the Volunteer force has known since its inauguration came to a close, when the last of the regiments which have been under canvas during the year marched out of its lines at Scarborough, that corps being the 4th West Yorkshire Artillery, whose head-quarters are at Sheffield.

The street collection in behalf of the metropolitan medical charities, which took place on Saturday week, is now ascertained to have realised nearly £2800, notwithstanding the wet weather, against £2300 collected on the preceding Hospital Saturday. The workshop collection—the Hospital Saturday Fund's main source of income—is likely to produce much more this year than it did last year, when the total was £7482.

The finest Fisheries Exhibition held in the provinces was brought to a close at Penzance last Saturday evening by the High Sheriff of Cornwall. It was arranged to benefit the fishing centre of Newlyn, which sadly needs a harbour. The success of the display was great, and nearly £1000 was realised as clear profit over the West Cornwall Fisheries Exhibition. A long list of diplomas was announced on Saturday evening.

The present week is one of great interest to Welshmen in various parts of the kingdom by reason of the "Royal National Eisteddfod," held in Liverpool. The meetings began last Monday and ended on Saturday, the *locale* of the principal events being the North Haymarket, which was elaborately arranged as a pavilion. Simultaneously meetings have been held every day at the Townhall, under the auspices of the Cymrodrorion Society. Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., gave the opening address to this society on Monday, his subject being the relations of Wales to England; and the first Eisteddfod concert took place in the evening, under the presidency of Alderman Samuelson.

The twenty-eighth meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, with which is united the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law, was opened in Birmingham on Wednesday, the sittings being held daily for a week. The proceedings were inaugurated by a special service at St. Martin's Church and a sermon by the Dean of Worcester; and the Right Hon. G. J. Shaw-Lefevre, the president, gave the inaugural address in the evening. The addresses of subsequent days were given by Mr. Westlake, Q.C., Mr. Oscar Browning, the Right Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., Viscount Lymington, and Dr. Norman Chevers, respectively. The business of the congress was relieved, and opportunities afforded for mutual intercourse among its members, by two conversations given, one by the Mayor, and the other by the reception committee; in addition to which excursions have been arranged to places and objects of interest within the neighbourhood.

NEW BOOKS.

In military matters the hegemony at present belongs, by right of the custom which regulates precedence among nations, to the Germans, because they were the last to win great victories in Europe; and that fact gives additional interest and importance to *The Battle-fields of Germany*: by Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. (W. H. Allen and Co.), a volume which, in any case, would be wonderfully interesting and important. And let nobody suppose that the author has been vain enough to think that even he, with all his careful study, power of apprehension, faculty of discrimination, lucidity of arrangement, comprehensiveness of grasp, and gift of condensation, could compress into a single volume, however economically managed—if, at any rate, it were to be of wieldy and portable size—even the most meagre account of *all* the battle-fields of Germany. The present volume, of course, is only an instalment, to be followed, let us hope, by other volumes equally instructive, equally attractive, equally valuable; and valuable above all, one would think, to the young and—for that matter—to the old student of war and warlike achievements, to whom the various maps and the one plan (of the battle of Blenheim) will be of more significance and assistance than even to the unprofessional reader. The author commences this volume with the outbreak of the "Thirty Years' War," and ends it with the "Battle of Blenheim." The other chief battles which he has occasion to describe are Breitenfeld (better known to Englishmen as Leipzig, but not to be confounded, of course, with Napoleon's battle of Leipzig, nearly two centuries later) in 1631, the river Lech, Lützen, Nördlingen, Jankowitz, Tuttlingen and Freiburg (in the Breisgau), Mergentheim, Altersheim, Zusmarshausen, and Prague, the pass of Fehrbellin, and Vienna, of which Prague, again, must not be confounded with another and later battle of the same name, which has caused many a dweller in town and country to regret the existence among civilised peoples of such an instrument as the pianoforte. The affair described in this volume is the defence of Prague, under the direction of Don Juarez Conti, against the attacks of the Swedes, under Prince Charles Gustavus: and a gallant, a desperate, and a successful defence it was. The prominent figures in the dramatic events recorded are among the most romantic and heroic of history; and readers will undoubtedly throng to this work to have their memory refreshed concerning Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein, Piccolomini and Banner, Von Rauzau, Turenne, Condé, Mercy, John Sobieski, Prince Eugène, and Marlborough. The author makes one curious little mistake, natural enough and common enough among ordinary writers, but scarcely to be expected in the present case: he mentions, at p. 167, "the daring of Quintus (*sic* Curtius)," meaning, of course, Marcus. Quintus was the historian, who lived some centuries after the other. Not but what some historians are very daring indeed—more daring, perhaps, than even the fabulous M. Curtius.

Such apprehensions of possible profanity as may be excited by the title of *The Region of the Eternal Fire*, by Charles Marvin (W. H. Allen and Co.), are entirely baseless; nor is there any ground for anticipating, whether with pleasure or pain, a theological discourse of a kind that needs not to be more particularly specified. The huge volume, with its mass of information and its liberal supply of illustrations, deals chiefly with that wonderful region where "petroleum gas has flared for countless ages, arresting the attention of navigators at sea, as well as of people travelling by caravan on land, by its lurid glare at night." The author tells of the bay of Baku and the peninsula of Apsheron; that peninsula which juts out far into the Caspian and on which burns an "eternal fire," the object, it is believed, of devotion among the superstitious natives of the neighbourhood, "even before the worship of fire became the religion of the Persians." To Baku flocked the fire-worshippers of India in the days of Jonas Hanway (who probably gave the name to Hanway-yard, or Hanway-street, Oxford-street), and they "had a tradition that the Eternal Fire had flamed ever since the Flood, and that it would last to the end of the world." But it was with more practical and business-like views than those held by the fire-worshippers that the author, whose "letters about the Oil Fountains at Baku" had attracted much attention and excited deep interest when they appeared in the *Morning Post* last year, set out "to investigate more fully the petroleum industry." The result of his investigations appeals to two different classes of readers; to those who are connected with the petroleum trade, and may find his collection of statistical and other data extremely useful, and to those who, having a political turn of mind, are desirous of knowing "what Russia is doing in the Caspian," and may therefore share the profound interest which the author feels in "the kerosine factor of the Central Asian problem." For the author, as everybody must know by this time, is nothing if not political, keeps a sleepless eye on the movements of Russia, and ceases not to cry aloud, like Wisdom at the corners of the streets—and to about as much purpose—warning our Government and our statesmen of the danger that threatens our Indian Empire. If "the brightest jewel of the British Crown," as Calais was called in the days of "Bloody" Mary, and as India is called to-day, belost to us, it will not be because Mr. Charles Marvin has kept silence, has hidden his light under a bushel, or has failed to have his books brought to the notice of the public. There is a third class of readers, however, for whom, apparently, he has not written, and who, nevertheless, are more likely than any other to be delighted with his present volume; and that is made up of those countless readers who, having no connection with the petroleum trade, caring nothing for it as a means of making a livelihood and of accumulating wealth, and being perfect Galliots as regards the Central Asian question and the encroachments of Russia, will admit with gratitude, if they are wise enough to read his book, that they have seldom, if ever, expended the comparatively short time required for a perusal of the work to such excellent purpose, whether they look for information, or entertainment, or the gratification to be derived from the contemplation of what is both novel and marvellous.

The late Blanchard Jerrold was probably as familiar with French social life and with the political life of France as any man of his time. His daughters have now published, in two volumes, *At Home in Paris* (Allen and Co.), the pages of which were in type at the moment of the author's death. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's style is not without point and piquancy. He sees things vividly, and describes them incisively. His book is the outcome of varied knowledge, and of an experience few Englishmen possess. The more the reader is familiar with the period of the Second Empire, and with the journalism it called forth, the better will he appreciate these lively sketches. An ignoble coquettling with vice, a love of the bizarre and horrible, and a strain of cruelty often go hand in hand, and were to be seen in the journalists and feuilleton writers of the period. Under the date of 1868, Mr. Jerrold wrote:—"The pitiless French literature, of which I have been a constant reader for some years past, says this—that he, whose business is amusement may gather the materials of his trade in the felon's cell and at the grave of disgrace. The clown is to grin through the widow's cap; the harlequin slaps the back of age with his bat and shivers it

over the busy grave-digger;" and the writer points out how brutally this aspect of the French character was displayed when Napoleon was ill at St. Cloud. His symptoms were described and gloated over, and the number of hours counted which the Liberal journalists supposed he had yet to live. License like that enjoyed by the readers of the *Kappel* would not be tolerated in England; but when Mr. Jerrold adds that the French chroniqueur is not restrained by a spark of delicacy, while we in England are—well, much better than our neighbours—one hopes it may be true, while remembering that when Mr. Jerrold wrote, the "interviewer" had not been invented. Of the great journalists of France the author has, of course, only words of praise; and the paper on *Préost-Paradol*, which touches on the different position of men of letters in London and in Paris, is especially worthy of attention. The second volume, dedicated to a single topic of the highest social interest, is entitled, rather awkwardly, we think, "The Art of Alms in France." The author's investigation into this subject was most elaborate, and his statements show that many lessons might be learnt in England from the French method of poor relief. Mr. Jerrold's plan was an extensive one, and in the service of poor law reform it was his wish to investigate the principles and practices of the chief European States. At first he met with the approval of some members of the Government, and he was assisted by the subscriptions both of Conservatives and Liberals. But somehow the plan could only be partially carried out; and Mr. Jerrold observes, it is to be hoped erroneously, that it is the policy of our statesmen to avoid such a laying bare of social sores as that on which he was bent, and to "hide the truth in regard to the working poor." We should be inclined, on the contrary, to say that the condition of the poor is the foremost question of the day.

It has been said that it is a considerable test of the novelist's art if he can write a short story well. We are not sure that this is true, but if it be, Mrs. Craik's *Miss Tommy, a Mediæval Romance* (Macmillan and Co.), deserves no slight meed of praise. The delightful old maid who gives a name to the tale lost her heart in early youth, without his knowing it, to a certain Major Gordon, who went to India, married foolishly, and, having lost his wife and fortune, returned to England in the autumn of his days. Miss Tommy's tender womanly heart yearns over the poor poverty-stricken soldier with the fidelity of a nature that, having once loved, loves on to the end. She is wealthy, and would gladly give the Major half her substance; but he is as proud as he is poor, and not until he is threatened with blindness is she able to minister to him as she wishes. There comes a day when Miss Tommy is taken ill, and in the prospect of death she sends for Gordon, and in this supreme moment the secret of her life is revealed. After an affectionate conversation between the two she tells him he must go. "Presently. One word. You are not so very ill? You will try to get better?" "Oh, yes, I will try," speaking in the soothing tone which one uses to a child, not unneedful, he being utterly unmanned. "Good-bye, then, just for to-day," he muttered, "Good-bye." And lifting her hand, he would have kissed it, but she drew him nearer to her, and putting both her arms round his neck with unutterable tenderness, she kissed him on the forehead and on the poor blind eyes. "All my life! all my life!" she murmured, with a smothered passion almost like that of youth. They kissed one another, once more, solemnly and lingeringly, as if for an eternal farewell, and then I led him out of the room." The narrator of the story has a romance of her own, being in love with the Major's nephew, who, when the book opens, is dispatched to India for three years to be out of her way. The two remain faithful, however; the lieutenant returns to England a colonel; and, thanks to the most generous of old maids, is at once able to marry Decima Murray. It is as a happy matron with a troop of boys around her that the reader makes the acquaintance of Decima, but it is needless to say that her family interests are quite subordinate to the interests of Miss Tommy and her beloved Major, who will remind the reader of one of the finest characters in fiction, Colonel Newcome. Mrs. Craik has, we believe, a large acquaintance with English literature, yet, strange to say, Steele's famous eulogium of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, "to love her is a liberal education," is alluded to as referring to the Countess of Pembroke.

Orders have been issued from the Horse Guards that in future all officers of cavalry, artillery, and infantry are to be put through a practical course of field sketching and reconnaissance during the winter months.

Field manœuvres were carried out on the Fox Hills on the 11th inst. by the troops forming the Aldershot division. The opposing and defending forces were commanded respectively by Colonel Hazlerigg, R.H.A., and Lieut.-Colonel Molyneux.

Alderman Sir Robert Carden, M.P., who recently occupied a seat on the bench in the Kingston-on-Thames County Court, condemned the practice, which he observed there, of administering the oath to a lady while she wore her gloves.

The harvest home of the Philanthropic Society's Farm School at Redhill took place last week. The Archdeacon of St. Albans preached at the thanksgiving service. Sports were afterwards engaged in, and the annual supper followed.

The winter session of the Charterhouse Science and Art Schools and Literary Institute, the largest science and art school in the United Kingdom, will begin next Saturday, under the presidency of the Rev. Henry Swann, M.A.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from American and Canadian ports amounted to 320 cattle, 513 sheep, 6065 quarters of beef, and 350 carcases of mutton.

At the annual meeting of the Justices of Lancashire, held at the County Hall, Preston, on the 11th inst., the report of the General Finance Committee of the county showed the revaluation of Lancashire for new rate basis had put the total value up to almost £3,000,000.

At Exeter yesterday week the presentation of a silver salver, a diamond locket, and one hundred sovereigns was made to Mr. and Mrs. William D'Urban by the Mayor, in recognition of their services in connection with the Albert Memorial Museum. Mr. D'Urban has been curator for twenty-two years.

The celebration on the English estates of the coming of Viscount Clifden took place on the 11th inst., at Holdenby House. The tenantry from Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire travelled down to Northamptonshire. An address and two silver vases were presented to his Lordship.

One of the galleries in the British Museum, formerly occupied by specimens of mammalia, has been thrown open to the public, and exhibits a series of mediæval and more recent antiquities, comprising enamels, carvings in ivory, arms and armour, a considerable number of ancient clocks and watches, and some interesting relics of our Kings and Queens.

An application was recently made to Mr. Justice Wills to appoint a testamentary guardian to the Duke of Newcastle. Mrs. Hope, the Duke's paternal grandmother, who died some months since, in France, had left him all her property, and it was necessary that a testamentary guardian should apply to the French courts. The Duke of Hamilton was appointed.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 16.

Every year the Paris season seems to begin later and later, and people continue longer their economical sojourn away from Paris. "It is on account of the Krach," say the wiseacres; "we have not yet heard the last of the Union Générale." And developing this theme, the wiseacres will cite in proof the rareness of dinner parties, the want of splendour in the equipages of Paris, the fashionableness of cheap woollen stuffs for ladies' costumes, and the general diminution of luxury during the past two years, as manifested in a score minor details. All this is true to a certain extent: trade is bad; Paris is dull; and events of interest are rare. About the Chinese war, you know more in England than we know here. At a Cabinet Council held on Saturday, M. Ferry informed his colleagues that China had not declared war upon France, and that the famous *état de représailles* therefore still existed. The Council adjourned until Sept. 23, and so, for the present, the idea of convoking the Chambers before the date already fixed—namely, Oct. 15—has been abandoned.

On Sunday a fête was held in the garden of the Tuilleries for the benefit of the victims of the cholera in the South. One of the novel features of this fête was an international pigeon-flying match. Some fifty thousand birds were let loose in the course of the day. Since the siege of Paris the carrier-pigeon has been almost a sacred bird for the Parisians, reminding them of their hopes and fears in 1870-1, and of the precious news contained in microscopic letters tied to a pigeon's wing. A writer in one of the journals reminds us of a proposal of Louis Blanc that the carrier-pigeon should henceforward figure in the arms of Paris to perpetuate the souvenir of its services,

Shakspeare threatens to take possession of the Paris theatres this winter. At the Comédie-Française "Hamlet," translated by the elder Dumas and Paul Meurice; and at the Odéon "Macbeth," translated into verse by Jules Lacroix, are being rehearsed. Meanwhile, Jean Richépin's strange adaptation of "Macbeth" has been revived at the Porte Saint-Martin, with Sarah Bernhardt and Marais in the two great rôles. Sarah Bernhardt, especially in the sleep-walking scene, acts magnificently, and throughout her plastic elegance, the grace and nobleness of her bearing, the largeness and easiness of her gestures, and the charm of her voice, keep one in a constant state of admiration.

Gambetta's property, Les Jardies, at Ville d'Avray, is for sale; the house alone, in which the great statesman died, will be kept as a souvenir by his friends. Gambetta's house was not actually Les Jardies where Balzac lived, but only a dependency of it. The real Les Jardies, of which Léon Gozlan has related the history, was bought by Gambetta only a few weeks before his death, and immediately demolished to make room for a new house. M. Jules Charette has recently related, in *Le Temps*, how the material of the great novelist's house are now lying in a moss-covered heap waiting to be sold. Of Balzac's Les Jardies all that remains is the name and two half-rotten gates. The house where Balzac died, at the corner of the Rue Balzac is also destined to be demolished.—Madame Edmond Adam has published a volume entitled "La Patrie Hongroise," which is attracting much attention. Madame Adam takes the side of Hungary and of Magyar independence against Austro-Hungarian dualism, and of the opposition against the Opportunist Ministry of M. Tisza.—M. Alexandre Dumas is writing a four-act comedy, which will probably be played at the Théâtre Français next spring. The subject of the piece is said to be that of the same writer's novel, "L'Affaire Clémenceau."—One of the oldest of the Parisian cafés, the Café de la Rotonde in the Palais Royal, is to be demolished. In the eighteenth century this café was very famous; it was the rendezvous of the savants and literary men of the day; and it was on a table of the Café de la Rotonde that the Montgolfiers opened the subscription to pay the expenses of their balloon experiments.

T. C.

King Humbert on the 11th inst. visited a new hospital in Naples, which had been speedily filled, and subsequently received the members of the Provincial Council at the palace. He pressed them to take active measures for the improvement of the poor quarters of the city. He also expressed his regret at the religious processions in the streets, and the Archbishop has since instructed the clergy to discourage them. King Humbert and the Duke of Aosta left Naples on Sunday afternoon. Representatives of all the popular associations were at the station to salute his Majesty and the Prince on their departure. The King, in bidding farewell to the Mayor, said he went away more relieved, as the cholera was manifestly decreasing. The Royal train arrived at Rome at eight o'clock. Notwithstanding the telegram from Signor Depretis and the instructions given, accordingly, by the Prefect, an immense throng filled the square outside the station, while within were gathered all the Senators and Deputies staying in Rome, the municipal councillors, among whom were particularly remarked the members of the Catholic group in full strength, and a large concourse of the citizens of Rome. The reception was most enthusiastic.

The Belgian Senate has adopted, by 40 votes against 25, the Education Bill as passed by the Chamber of Representatives, and it is stated that the bill has received the Royal assent. Feeling on the subject is still strong.

On Monday the States-General of Holland were opened by Royal Commission. The Speech from the Throne referred to the intended revision of the Constitution, and declared urgent the amendment of Article 198 prohibiting the modification of the Constitution during a Regency.—The whole of the Nisero captives have been released to the Dutch Governor of Acheen, and the Rajah who held them in captivity has submitted to Dutch rule.

In conferring upon Prince Bismarck the order Pour le Mérite, the German Emperor has written a letter to the Chancellor. Acknowledging his eminent services to the Fatherland, his Majesty observes that he hopes it may give the Prince pleasure "to receive also as a soldier the recognition of his services which he has earned so well."—The Crown Prince represented the Emperor at the military manoeuvres which began on Monday morning with the field exercises of the Seventh against the Eighth Army Corps in the vicinity of Bedburg, near Düsseldorf.—Sir Edward Malet, English Minister at Brussels, has been appointed to succeed the late Lord Ampthill as our Ambassador to Berlin.

The Austrian Emperor, King Milan, and the Crown Prince Rudolph, with a large military suite, left Vienna for Angern last Saturday morning for the conclusion of the manoeuvres. All returned on Sunday to Vienna. On the 10th inst. the great dinner in honour of the fête-day of the Emperor Alexander III., took place in the Rittersaal, the great hall of the Buig. A Reuter's telegram states that the village of Rautenberg, in lower Austria, has been destroyed by fire.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes and their children left Copenhagen on Sunday for Lübeck. Prince George, the second son, remains in Copenhagen to go through the Naval

School.—Colonel Bahnson, of the War Department, has been appointed Minister of War, in succession to Commander Ravn, who retains the portfolio as Minister of Marine.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia paid visits on the 10th inst. to the gymnasiums in Warsaw, and were present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new wing of a Red Cross Hospital. After other visits, their Majesties returned to the Lazienski Palace. In the evening the Emperor and Empress gave a State dinner at the Lazienski Palace, attended by nearly a hundred persons. Among the guests were five Polish ladies, two Polish gentlemen, and the Catholic Archbishop. The Czar and Czarina afterwards left for Novo Georgievsk, to witness the military manoeuvres, arriving at the Imperial headquarters before midnight. The 11th being the Emperor's fête-day a special thanksgiving service was celebrated in the Warsaw cathedral. Their Majesties entertained at luncheon a large number of Generals and State dignitaries, who were conveyed by special train to Novo Georgievsk.—The three Emperors met at Skierievicze on Monday. The Emperor of Austria, who was accompanied by Count Kalnoky, arrived at Skierievicze at two o'clock, and had a most cordial greeting from the Czar. The Sovereigns embraced each other, and the Emperor Francis Joseph kissed the hand of the Czarina. The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Peter were afterwards presented to the Austrian Emperor. The Emperor William, who was accompanied by Prince Bismarck, arrived at four o'clock, and was met by the Czar and Czarina and the Grand Dukes. His Majesty embraced the Czar three times, and then the Czarina, the Czarewitch, and the Grand Dukes. He then embraced the Emperor Francis Joseph, and giving his arm to the Czarina, conducted her Majesty to the carriage and drove to the palace. A banquet was given at the palace at night, at which the three Emperors were present. On Tuesday morning the three Emperors held a parade of the two first battalions of the Russian Regiments of Francis Joseph and William I. in the garden in front of the château. The two Imperial guests, like their Imperial host, were in the Russian uniforms of their respective regiments. The three Emperors went shooting in the afternoon, while their respective Ministers for Foreign Affairs held a conference. The German Emperor left on Tuesday evening, and the Emperor of Austria on Wednesday. The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, in an article on the meeting of the three Emperors, says that the whole civilised world will see in this meeting a policy of peace. So may it be!

Lord Lansdowne on Monday inspected the Canadian *voyageurs* engaged for service with the Nile Expedition, and addressed them regarding the dangers of their duties. His Lordship expressed confidence in Lord Wolseley and in the success of the expedition under his command. The steamer conveying the *voyageurs* sailed amid cheers from the spectators.—Mr. Dawson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal, has been knighted by the Queen, in acknowledgment of the services rendered by him and his colleagues to the British Association, whose recent meetings were held in the University buildings.

The funeral of the late Mr. MacGahan, formerly Special Correspondent of the *Daily News* in Bulgaria in 1876, took place on the 11th inst. at New Lexington, Ohio, the ceremonial being attended by 15,000 people. Bishop Watson officiated, and preached an eloquent sermon at the church. Among those present were the mother, the brother, and the widow of the deceased. MacGahan died at Constantinople on June 9, 1878, and was buried in that city on the 11th of the same month. His body has been taken home, and his countrymen have re-committed it to the ground with honours such as have rarely been bestowed upon private citizens.—The death is reported of Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York, the well-known printing-machine maker. He made a considerable fortune out of his printing machines, which were first sent over to the United Kingdom in 1858, and one of which was used for many years in printing the inner forme of this Journal.

The Grahamstown and Port Alfred Railway has been opened throughout its entire length by the Commissioner of Crown Lands and Public Works of the Cape Government.

We have received a communication from the India Office authorising us to announce that the Marquis of Ripon will retire from the Viceroyalty of India before the close of the present year, and that he will be succeeded by the Earl of Dufferin. The press of India is unanimous in its approval of Lord Dufferin's appointment. Lord and Lady Dufferin gave a garden party at Constantinople yesterday week. The company included all the members of the Diplomatic Body, and the élite of Constantinople society. The expressions of regret at his Excellency's approaching departure are very general. Lord Dufferin had his farewell audience with the Sultan on Saturday to announce his departure. His Excellency has received about a hundred telegrams from all parts of the globe, including India and China, congratulating him on his new appointment. Baron Calice, the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople, gave a banquet and brilliant fête last Saturday night in honour of Lord Dufferin, at which all the members of the Diplomatic body and other notabilities were present. Lord Dufferin left Constantinople on Tuesday morning.

M. James Snowdon Calvert, the last survivor of the Leichhardt Australian Exploring Expedition, died at his residence near Sydney, on July 29, at the age of sixty.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Illustration which we give on the next page represents one of many spots of the American isthmus upon which works have been started by the Inter-oceanic Panama Canal Company. The view is taken from a photograph of a part of the works of the Corrosita Hill on the slope nearest to Colon. The Hill, which is situated in the section of Obispo, has its oblique summit upon the axis of the Canal, and is to the right of the trench, going from Colon towards Panama. The Illustration will doubtless interest our readers, in presenting to them an exact idea of the vast undertaking of piercing the American isthmus. In the report of M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, issued at the meeting of the shareholders on July 29 last, M. F. De Lesseps guarantees the entire completion of the Canal in 1888. There are no difficulties in the way; it is purely and simply an excavation, and not such an undertaking as was the Suez Canal, when they had to convey the fresh water of the Nile, and to pass through mountains of sand, and to create inland lakes, ports and piers, and finally to pass into a marine lake, with other difficult problems which were for a long time considered as impossible for the successful construction of the Suez Canal. The opening of this Canal of Panama to the world's commerce will be one of the most considerable achievements of the present century, and will rapidly promote the activity and general prosperity of the world's commerce.

A marker, named Peers, at a rifle range near Knutsford, Cheshire, was killed by a bullet fired by one of the 15th Cheshire Rifle Volunteers during their competition last Saturday. The deceased was marking when he inadvertently exposed his head, and a bullet passed through it.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

It is generally conceded that the horses which took part in the St. Leger were a decidedly moderate lot, but their form looked a little better on the Thursday, when Hermitage, who made no show at all in the big race, ran right away with the Scarborough Stakes in spite of his 7 lb. penalty; North Riding, who was in receipt of 12 lb., never got near him, and his Cesarewitch chance must be a poor one indeed. Though there were ten runners for the Rous Plate, even money was laid on the Chopette colt, who, however, met more than his match in Lonely; and this brings us to the Portland Plate, for which there were only eight runners, the smallest number in the history of the race. Energy (9 st. 10 lb.) ran a very great horse under his crushing weight, and might have made a bold bid for victory had he not been shut in when attempting to get to the front. This disappointment left the finish to Leeds (8 st. 4 lb.) and Fraga (5 st. 7 lb.), and, after a very interesting struggle, the former, who started first favourite, just beat the outsider of the party by a head. The Alexandra Plate was booked as a good thing for Sweetbread (9 st. 12 lb.), but he did not move any too soundly in his preliminary canter, and, being hopelessly beaten at the distance, left Hauteur (7 st. 3 lb.) to dispose of Perdita II. (7 st. 2 lb.) rather cleverly.

On looking over Friday's card, the task of picking out winners seemed a comparatively easy one, but it turned out by far the worst day that backers have experienced since Ascot. To begin with, they laid even money on Camibusmore for the Doncaster Stakes, and he could only run a very bad third to Lime-light and Quilt. The former is an own sister to Lime-stone and Quicklime, and had never previously appeared in public. The victory of King Monmouth (8 st. 7 lb.) in the Prince of Wales's Nursery Plate was a very meritorious one, as he was conceding more or less weight to each of his eight opponents, and appeared to have plenty in hand at the finish. When it became known that Thebais would not oppose The Lambkin for the Doncaster Cup, the race appeared such a gift for the St. Leger winner that we were surprised to find the bookmakers accept 7 to 4 with considerable freedom. The favourite seemed to have the race completely in hand just outside the distance, but, a few strides further on, Louis d'Or suddenly shot up to him, and, in spite of all Platt's efforts, beat him by a neck. This result is so utterly inexplicable that we are bound to assume the form to be all wrong, and that The Lambkin had not recovered from the effects of his exertions in the Leger. More misfortunes followed, as Brag (8 st. 10 lb.), who was a red-hot favourite for the Westmoreland Stakes, succumbed very easily to Montroyd (8 st. 6 lb.), against whom 100 to 8 was obtainable at the fall of the flag. As a last effort to retrieve their desperate fortunes, plungers accepted the slightest shade of odds about Cherry for the Park Hill Stakes, but, good filly as she has often shown herself to be over a mile, the St. Leger course proved far more than she could compass; whilst Queen Adelaide, in spite of straggling with more determination than usual, was not quite good enough for Belinda.

Taken as a whole, the yearlings sent to Doncaster for sale were not a very brilliant lot, and we never remember business to have been slacker. The Waresley lot, which were entirely by Albert Victor and Chevron, sold fairly well, the thirteen averaging 287 guineas; but this was easily eclipsed by Lord Scarborough's eight, for which the capital average of 395 guineas was obtained. Persian, a very nice colt by Discord-Mandane, realising 750 guineas. On the Thursday, which is the great day for the sales, an own brother to Luminary, by Beauclerc-Stella, made 1700 guineas, and this price was not approached during the week. It must specially be noted that Lord Falmouth gave 1000 guineas for Doncaster Belle, an own sister to Sir Reuben, and as his Lordship also bought Green Snake, a beautiful filly by Robert the Devil—Evergreen, and one or two other yearlings, we may confidently hope to see the famous "magpie" colours to the front again next season. Mr. Crowther Harrison sold four of his wonderfully well, at an average of 477½ guineas; and Mr. Carew Gibson had also every reason to congratulate himself, as his eleven averaged as nearly as possible 470 guineas, a colt by Rosicrucian—Mantella (1050 guineas) heading the list. A good many lots changed hands on the last day, but prices ruled very low.

The Australian cricketers wound up their highly successful tour at the Oval last week, when they beat a very indifferent team, supposed to represent the South of England, in one innings, with 5 runs to spare. The wicket played very trickily, and no score of any importance was made on either side; but Spofforth proved simply unplayable, and got rid of twelve men for only 77 runs. In the second innings, he accomplished the "hat trick," disposing of W. G. Grace, Painter, and Read, with successive balls. The match between Smokers and Non-Smokers, at Lord's, this week, proved successful in adding nearly £600 to the Cricketers' Benevolent Fund; and little more need be said about it. G. J. Bonnor's 124 was a fine exhibition of big hitting, and really won the match for the Non-Smokers; but a good deal of the play, especially after lunch on Tuesday, was a mere burlesque on the game.

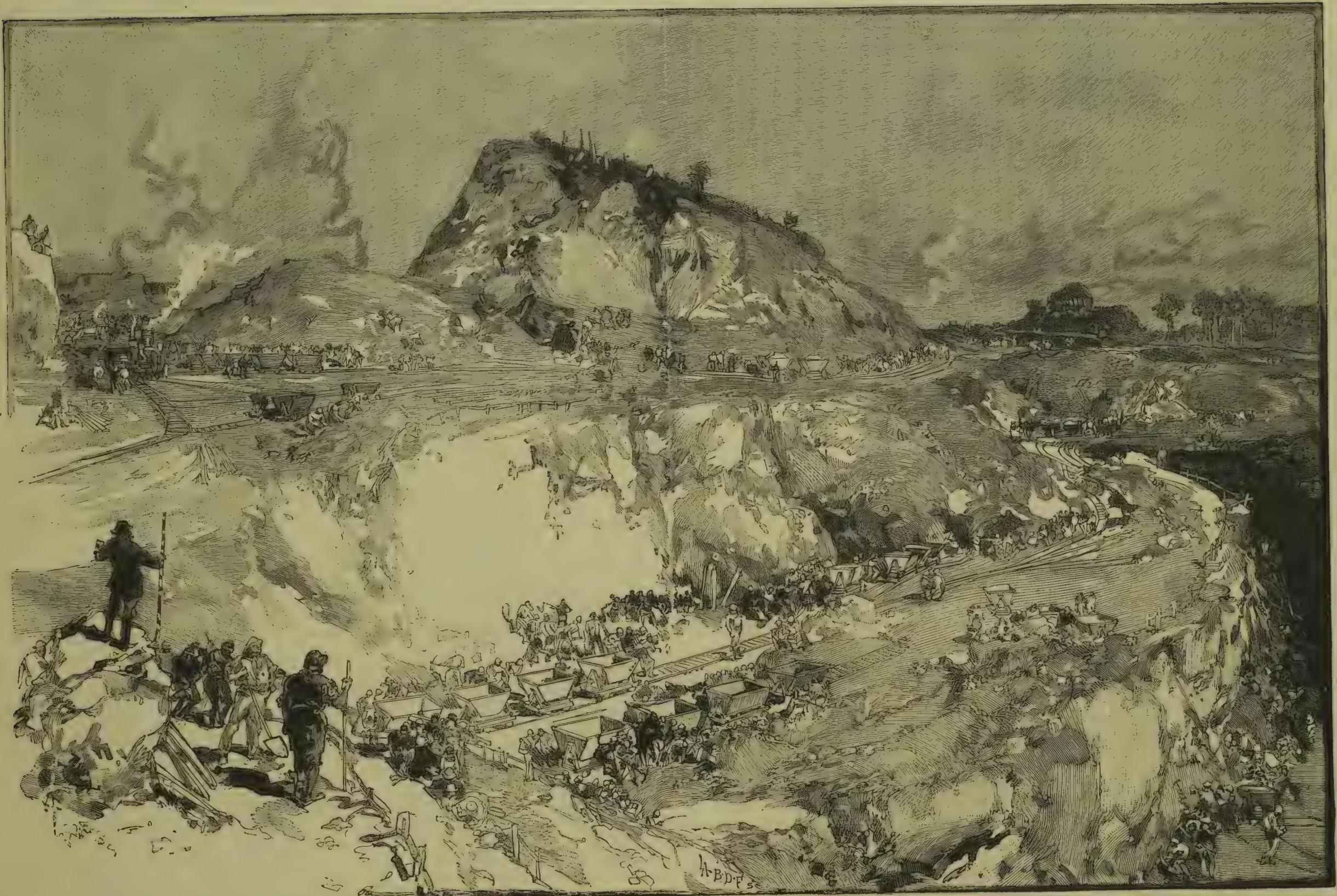
On Monday evening the 100 Yards Amateur Swimming Championship was decided at the Lambeth Baths. There were four starters, but the race was looked upon as a certainty for T. Cairns, the amateur champion at 220 yards and 500 yards. To the surprise of everyone, however, J. L. Mayger, of the Burton-on-Trent S.C., took the lead from the start, and Cairns, never being able to get on terms with him, was beaten by nearly two yards in 71 1-5 sec.

R. H. English, North Shields B.C., has created quite a sensation in bicycle circles by winning the Crystal Palace Fifteen Miles Challenge Cup in 44 min. 29 3-5 sec., easily beating the record from two miles upwards. Not content with this achievement, he rode on until he had completed 20 miles 560 yards in 59 min. 6 3-5 sec., which is far in advance of the performance accomplished by Cortis just before he sailed for Australia.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland returned to the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, last Saturday evening, after his tour in the south of Ireland. His Excellency visited a number of public institutions in Cork on Saturday. He was everywhere cordially received.

At the Central Criminal Court on Tuesday James Wright and William Wheatley, the Hoxton burglars, were indicted for shooting at three constables, named Chamberlain, Garner, and Snell, with intent to murder them. They were tried for shooting Garner; Wright was found guilty of wounding him with intent to murder, and Wheatley with wounding to prevent his lawful apprehension. Wright was sentenced to penal servitude for life, and Wheatley for twenty years.

Last week 2604 births and 1373 deaths were registered in London. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 5, and the deaths 1, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 9 from smallpox, 11 from diphtheria, 27 from measles, 23 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 27 from whooping-cough, 16 from enteric fever, 1 from simple continued fever, 126 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 2 from choleric diarrhoea.



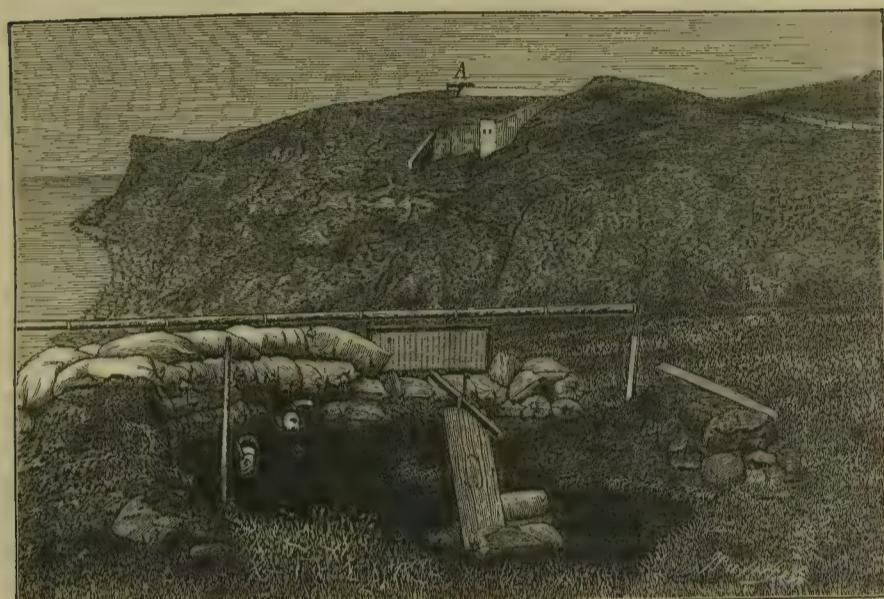
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H.M.S. SULTAN FIRING SHRAPNEL SHELLS.



MARKING THE BURST OF A SHELL.

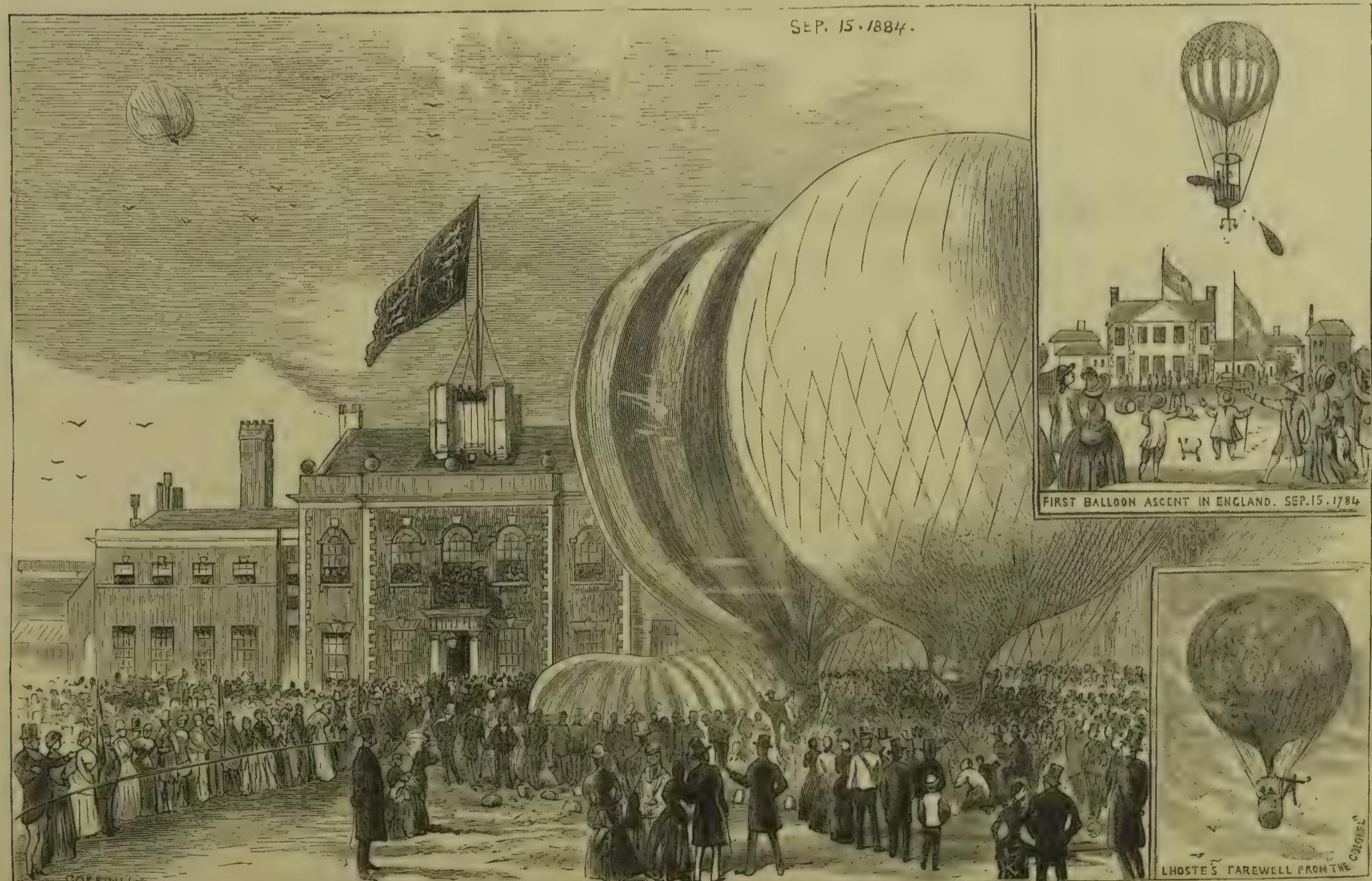


A PREMATURE BURST: "WARE SPLINTERS."

GUNNERY EXPERIMENTS AT INCHKEITH.



BURSTING OF A TEN-INCH SHRAPNEL SHELL; ITS EFFECTS.



CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND AT THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY'S GROUND, FINSBURY.

THE CHURCH.

Sunday was observed as a day of thanksgiving for the harvest in Canterbury Cathedral.

The Bishop of Ripon preached on behalf of the Girls' Friendly Society in the Leeds parish church on Monday.

The Bishop of Ripon has accepted the office of Vice-President of the Church Defence Institution.

The Chester Diocesan Conference has been fixed by the Bishop and Standing Committee to be held on Oct. 22 and 23. Dr. Stubbs will preside.

The death is announced of the Rev. Canon Mitton, Vicar of St. Paul's, Manningham, West Yorkshire, and Hon. Canon of Ripon, at the age of eighty.

The Rev. Canon Liddon has put his name down for a second donation of £500 to the Pusey Memorial Fund, which now amounts to over £30,300.

The Earl of Devon on Monday unveiled a window at the west end of the church of Copton, St. Mary, Devon, to the memory of the Rev. J. N. Lightfoot, the late Vicar.

The Bishop of Worcester has subscribed £10 towards the liquidation of the debt on the Primitive Methodist Chapel at Worcester.

The Bishop of Bangor on Sunday opened a transept which has been added to St. James's Church, Bangor, by public subscription, as a memorial to the late Mr. John Hughes.

The York Diocesan Conference will assemble in the Victoria Hall, York, on Oct. 29 and 30. The Archbishop of York, as president, will give the opening address.

The chapel of the Exeter Diocesan Training College was last week opened after enlargement, which had been rendered necessary by the increase in the number of students.

The Bishop of Worcester on the 12th inst., consecrated a new church dedicated to St. Eodwal, at Finstall, to take the place of an old building which was inadequate for the wants of the growing population.

The Nantwich Choral Association, which includes within its radius nineteen churches in the district, held its twenty-third annual festival on the 11th inst. There was a crowded congregation, and a very large attendance of the clergy of the diocese. The fine old church was tastefully decorated.

A stained-glass window to the memory of Mrs. Graham, widow of a former Bishop of Chester, has been placed by her children in the south aisle of St. Oswald's, Chester.—A stained-glass window in memory of the late Sir George Arney, Chief Justice of New Zealand, has been placed in the south transept of Salisbury Cathedral.—A beautiful window of stained glass has been placed in Scarborough parish church, in memory of the late Miss Hall, last surviving daughter of the late Mr. James Hall, for many years Master of the Holderness Hunt.

The Hon. and Rev. Maurice W. E. St. John, Vicar of Kempsford, Gloucester, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor Canon of Gloucester Cathedral.—The installation of Canon Evan Lewis, Rector of Dolgelly, to the deanship of Bangor, in succession to the late Dean Edwards, took place on Thursday week at Bangor Cathedral, in the presence of a large congregation.—The Duke of Beaufort has offered the living of Llangattock, which is worth £960 per annum, to the Rev. Thomas James Bowen, B.A., Vicar of Kilvey, Swansea, who has accepted it.—The Rev. William E. Emmett, Vicar of West Drayton, near Uxbridge, Middlesex, has been appointed to the vicarage of St. Mark's, Notting-hill, which was vacant by the retirement, through continued ill-health, of the Rev. Edward K. Kendall.—The rectory of Penboyr, Cardigan, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Sinnett, has been conferred upon the Rev. David W. Thomas, Vicar of St. Ann's, Bethesda, Carnarvonshire. The living is the gift of the Earl of Cawdor.—The Rev. George S. Cuthbert, Vicar of Drayton-in-Hales, Market Drayton, has been nominated to succeed the Rev. W. H. Hutchings, as Sub-Warden of the House of Mercy at Clewer, near Windsor. He was Curate of Clewer from 1873 to 1875.—The freeholders of the parish church of Llangullo, near Llandysil, Cardiganshire, have elected the Rev. Ebenezer Jones, Curate of St. Peter's, Carmarthen, to the living, vacant by the cession of the Rev. William Rees.

Professor Monier Williams has induced the Indian Government to establish, in connection with the Indian Institute at Oxford, six Government scholarships for deserving natives of India desirous of entering the Civil Service.

An Art and Industrial Exhibition was opened on Monday at Newbury by Earl Nelson, who was accompanied by Countess Nelson. The ceremony took place in the Corn Exchange, in the presence of about five hundred members of the principal families in the district.

Mr. Samuel Reid, merchant, of Kirkwall, has bought the island of Copinshay, along with four small islets, the acreage of the whole being 180 acres, from Colonel Balfour, of Balfour, Convenor to the county. Copinshay is one of the wildest islands of the Orkney group, and famous for the enormous number of sea-fowl upon it.

At a meeting of the Liverpool Local Marine Board on Monday a gold chronometer watch was presented, on behalf of the United States Government, to Mr. Amiot, master of the steamer Wentmore, for having saved the crew of the United States schooner Jacob Keinze during a hurricane off Cape Henry in February last. A binocular glass was presented, on behalf of the Board of Trade, to Mr. M'Nutt, master of the barque Zema, of Picton, Nova Scotia, he having saved the crew of the Durham, of London, off Cape Horn, in January.

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AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER XXI. OUT OF THE WOOD.

"**V**E brought back your gun," repeated Cucumber Jack, in his clear, thin voice, without a touch of the local brogue. "I wasn't there; so it isn't mine."

"Have you come to give yourself up?" asked Francis.

"I'm come to give up the gun—if coming here won't do as well as staying there."

"Then lay it down; no, hand it over to me."

Cucumber Jack put his lips to the barrel, glided forward with his noiseless Indian stride, and presented the weapon to Francis, butt forward. Then he fell back to the same distance as before.

"There," said he:—

"And Lord Longtail he will laugh with glee,
And Sir White-tail skip for fun;
For Fur and Feather will grin together
At a Jack with never a gun."

There: I made that as I came along."

Certainly he was a queer sort of an assassin. Francis put down the gun behind him and the pitcher in its proper place before him.

"I must think a minute what I'm to do with you," said he, sternly. "Giving yourself up quietly like this is the last thing I thought you'd do." He thought whether he would

not carry the savage straight before Parson Pengold; but then it struck him that the justice might scarce be in a condition to take a clear view of his duty, especially remembering his prejudices in favour of any prisoner. Not only must the Parson's head, but the evidence, have time to become perfectly clear. And even then it might be better to carry the prisoner before some magistrate gifted with less learning, and farther removed from the peculiar effects of Stoke Juliet air.

"There's nothing you need trouble to do with me," said the other. "I've not been under a roof but the jug's since somewhere in old Horneck's time, and I don't care to stay longer than I need. I can shift with a stick, or a stone in a sling. Only a gun saves trouble, and it made a good jingle. So that's done, and I'll go again."

Francis was becoming slightly bewildered. "Go? When you come to give yourself up for Derrick's murder?"

Suddenly the man shuddered, and held his hands before his eyes—first close, then half at arm's length, as though holding off some vision he dared not look upon.

"Don't speak of that—I saw him. Don't make me see it again! The wood will never be the old wood; the Mother Beech herself was bled. *She'll* never bear leaf nor mast again. Blood of a beast or a fowl—that's nature; but blood of a man! There's no rhyme to be made to that, try what you will. There—it's gone now. . . . But I couldn't stay for you, by the side of a dead man, with open eyes. So I've brought back the gun you gave me to stay for. I didn't stay: so it isn't mine."

"Do you mean to tell me, man, that you have come to give yourself up for the murder of Derrick—yes or no?"

"There—now you've said it again!"

"I have said it again. Are you the man that killed him?"

"I? I take blood that—that was like my own?"

"That's what I mean. For a poacher to take blood—is that such an unbelievable thing?"

"Oh, it's nothing to see the blood of a pheasant or a hare. We're all in the same game; hawks do that; it's the way of the woods and all. All's fair among friends. They don't blame me, and we're none the worse friends. They blame me no

more for taking their lives than I'd blame a lion or a bear for taking mine. 'Tis all in love and friendship, and doing what we'd be done by. But there's no love nor liking when man kills man. The blood smells foul, like a black heart and"—he covered his eyes again, all his proverbial coolness gone.

"Then—why have you come?"

"To give you back your gun: because I didn't stay."

The man did not seem insane, though, to Francis' eyes, so wild in his talk and ways. His horror at the idea of human bloodshed did not appear in the least like remorse, though so completely unlike the common, conventional behaviour of one whose hands are clean. It was more like the conduct of a timid child, or a hysterical girl: and his distinction between the blood of beast and the blood of man, though incoherent enough, was not altogether without an echo in Francis Carew's own brain.

"Did you kill Derrick?" asked he.

"Did you?" asked the poacher quickly: with a change of manner so sharp and sudden that for a moment he seemed another man.

"God in Heaven, man—No!"

"Then you did not. And God in Heaven, No. So say I." Francis looked at him, long and hard. The trembling that had seized him at the first speech of man's blood had not quite left him: but no eyes on earth could have met his more simply and straightforwardly than this more than suspected murderer's. There was no more guilt in them than in the eyes of an infant who has never heard of crime.

"Have come to say who did kill Derrick, then? Did you see the thing done?"

"I saw it done? I? No—scare us alive! I saw *It*—when I came back to Mother Beech; and ever since I've been lying with my head in a heap of leaves. I'd be there now, but for a shower at morning that washed the woods a bit clean."

"Here—whoever you are, take this, any way," said Francis, pouring out a bumper from the bottle he had not thrown.

The poacher took the glass: looked at it curiously: and then suddenly let it down with a smash on the floor.

"It's the same thing—it's the same smell!" he cried, trembling again. "And where'll I go now the Fox himself don't know. The wood's no place now, with this stuff spattering the Mother Beech herself, and its drops left to breed under the ground. And there's men can do what makes the very water turn like—that, and the very air sick to see . . . Just bide a bit, while I shut my eyes a long time."

"No; you're not the man," said Francis, after a pause, during which the other stood swaying slightly from side to side, with his eyes literally closed. "I'm certain you're not the man." He could not even yet comprehend why he had received this visit; but the talk had put that matter out of his head, and it somehow seemed to him natural enough that the man should be there.

Perhaps the conclusion was rash: perhaps it was one that no lawyer would have made. Cucumber Jack might be an actor, or he might be a madman; or he might have been driven mad, in his solitude, by the haunting ghost of his victim. His agitation and incoherence were, at the very least, as consistent with the sense of blood-guiltiness as with that clean conscience which is traditionally supposed to know no fear. But what, after all, is it that does make us believe in one another, when we do believe? It is certainly not reason, who always bids distrust, or a man's speech or bearing, which may always be construed in twenty conflicting ways. If such were the source of a man's faith in a fellow-man, faith would be rare indeed.

By the usual process—that is to say, by the assured insight, which is the only real rule, whether it prove right or wrong, Francis was as certain that this savage was as guiltless of Derrick's death as he. His own nerves were far too strongly made to understand why the mere sight of a corpse should so affect one whose trade was the taking of life; but he had already begun to find out that even Stoke Juliet held many things hitherto unknown to his philosophy. Since the world contained a Mabel Openshaw, what else should be called strange?

"No," he repeated, with increasing conviction, "You are not the man."

"I know that," said the poacher, opening his eyes. "The only thing is—where'll I go?"

"Look here, my man," said Francis. "I can't make you out at all. I believe you came on that poor fellow's body just as I did, and were frightened out of your wits, though that's another queer thing for a man like you. I suppose it comes from living alone. That isn't good for any man—it's not good for man to live alone," added this son of Adam, his head full of a daughter of Eve. "You must change your life, or you'll be found dead in the woods yourself; or you'll be getting to think you see all sorts of nonsense, like the yokels that can't pass a barn door without swearing it's got hoofs and horns."

"Alone? What makes you think I live alone? The only trouble is living in such a crowd. Why, there's more trees in Base Wood than you'll find all round about, if you was to tramp for a night and a day; and as for the fur and the feathers, 'tis downright hard to keep them from crowding one out of elbow-room."

"But without a soul to speak to—I know what it means myself!"

"Speak to? Scare us alive! Why, the worst of them is, they're always at it—talking, I mean; and making up all sorts of rhymes. I wish I could make up rhymes like they! They never seem at fault—don't the trees, when the wind blows through?" The cloud and the terror seemed to have left him as completely as if they had never been there. His eyes brightened up, and his words came freely, though in the faint, thin, somewhat dull tone that belongs to men who seldom use their tongues, and with now and then a broken sentence or a pause for a word. "You can't know much about the woods, Squire, to talk the way you do. I've heard men talk—sea fools, and that kind; but they're dull company, after the trees. Who's so wise as a Fox? And who ever heard of a Fox going to sea? And what a poor thing is a man's tongue when it can't give back one rhyme that a leaf will make to your eyes—let alone your ears. And then in a wood you're not bothered with the stars. All's snug and warm. Talk and good company! Why, that's just what I live for; and there you talk about Base Wood Beeches as if they were as dull as Hornacombe Sands."

Francis shook his head: all this was beyond him, as well it might be, as expressed with no better kind of word-painting than Cucumber Jack knew how to use. There are plenty of pens that would with ease translate his talk into what would have at least a semblance of philosophy, which readers or hearers might at any rate profess to understand. But to Francis Carew a Beech was but a Beech: to Cucumber Jack it was so much more that he could only listen to it in reverence, and only long that it were possible to comprehend half it had to say, or to be its humble friend on equal terms. Yet the very earnestness of his unquestioning creed gave his words a simple weight, so that no true lover could think of a lie in connection with this true worshipper.

Indeed, it seemed as if he had never suspected the fellow, much less taken his guilt for granted, and he felt grateful to the Parson for having prejudged the case in the prisoner's favour.

"You're a queer customer, any way," said he. "I can't make you out, and I doubt if it's much good my trying. But I like you; though you do seem to have more of a woman about you than is natural to a man. How long have you been living in the woods? I suppose you weren't born there?"

"Oh, I can't count the days. May be as many as there've been in my time; and I can't mind any that came before."

"Don't you know who you are? Haven't you got a name?"

"Oh, we don't trouble about calling names in there. We know one another all right, without such stuff as them. If I'd a name, 'twould be all one like putting myself outside; 'twould be as if I was a thing by myself, and not one with the rest of them. 'Tis bad enough, as 'tis, to feel oneself looked down on by the trees, all because one's got such a cut-off-from-the-rest like sort of a self; but with a name all to one's own self, 'twould be worse still. No, no; no names for me."

"You're no countryman of these parts. And you wouldn't talk as you do if you hadn't had some better teaching than I had; though if birch made scholars, I ought to be at the top of the tree."

"That's naught. We're all gentry in there."

"All? What all? I thought you were alone."

"What all? Why the trees, of course. What else should we be—in there?"

"You're too much for my wits, my man. One would think you meant you're a tree yourself!"

"Worse luck, no. I wish I were. Maybe I shall be some day—but They know what They've been—one pair of ears can't hear thousand tongues all rustling in the wind together. But they'll learn me everything—

When I'm planted sound in the good warm ground,

And my sap begins to spring."

It was clearly no use to ask him questions. Francis had suspected from the beginning that the poacher's wits were at any rate not cut according to Stoke Juliet pattern; but

love had taught him humility enough not to set down everybody whom he could not understand as a crazy fool. A man who takes a woman for a goddess has little right to scorn another man for seeming to confuse himself with a tree: and in truth the poet's hope of developing some day or other into timber and foliage, as a higher state of being, was scarcely worse or better founded than Francis Carew's hope of out-rivalling a Quickset in the heart of Mabel. No man is conscious of such instincts; but they do their work in spite of him.

He was trying, to the best of his power, to lay hold of some theory that would work, when he heard his housekeeper's heavy tread along the passage: and he had already received warning enough that she was more apt to discuss the affairs of Hornacombe outside the house than was good for him. There was at any rate no reason why she should let the Vicarage know that her master made up for the loss of Captain Quickset by getting the most notorious poacher in the parish to come and drink with him—he would once have cared not a halfpenny if all the world knew that he kept company with old Nick, or even with old Horneck: but things were different now. So he anticipated her entrance by opening the door himself, and standing in it, as if by chance, so that she might say her say without having to come into the room.

Mrs. Drax, considering her importance in the household, has certainly not yet received the attention which, if she herself had been allowed any voice in the matter, she would assuredly have claimed. When Francis Carew first came to Hornacombe, he had found an exceedingly stout and hard-featured widow already in full possession. Indeed, she had served the late Mr. Carew of Hornacombe for so many years as to have acquired in her own belief a sort of prescriptive right to the office and emoluments of housekeeper; and, the new heir not caring a straw who served him or how he was served, she remained on as one of the fixtures. It was not in Stoke Juliet nature to miss chances of profit, whether blown from the West in the form of wreckage, or from the East in the shape of a careless heir. Francis, if ever he gave half a thought to the matter, knew perfectly well that Mrs. Drax plundered him as conscientiously as if he were a West Indian gone aground: but then for her own sake she would keep off other vultures, while it was perfectly certain that there was not another capable manager in the parish who would not have done the same. So he submitted to her usurpation, as was indeed inevitable, and regarded Mrs. Drax as a portion of destiny. And thus things had gone on at Hornacombe, in the smoothest and most uninterrupted discomfort, and with no sort of collision between that accomplished wrecker, Mrs. Drax, and that ship without a pilot, the Francis Carew.

But the latter perceived, even in the dim light of the passage, that there was an ominous gloom about the whole expression and bearing of Mrs. Drax the like of which he had never seen till now. Moreover, it was entirely without precedent that she should disturb her master while he was supposed to be at his cups: and she was as abject a slave to precedent as any special pleader of ancient Media.

"I've made bold to take the chance of your being at home for once in a blue moon, Mr. Carew," said she.

"I suppose you mean you want to speak to me about something," he said, rather impatiently. "Well?"

"No, Sir. I don't want to do anything of the kind. I've never spoke—and seeing all there's been to speak about, there's not another woman in my place would have held her tongue."

"Well?" he asked again, leaning against the door-post. "I'm ready to hear anything you've got to say. Is there anything wrong?"

"No, Sir. Naught's wrong, and I've naught to say."

"Then, as I haven't either, Mrs. Drax"—

"I want to ask, Sir. I want to know when's the day you're to be married; and how you're going to settle about Me."

He felt he ought to be angry with the woman's impertinence, especially as there was something beyond impertinence in her manner and tone. But he could hardly feel indignant at finding a practical turn given to his dearest hope: so he took it with all the good humour due to an old servant from an expectant bridegroom.

"Nonsense," said he. "What has put that into your head? There's no day; and I very much doubt if there ever will be. Whatever happens, you'll never suffer, you may be sure."

"Begging your pardon, then, Mr. Carew, that's just what I shall. I've not put up with the goings on in this house all these years'n years'n years only to be turned out by a benighted Papess at the end. All the drinkings, and the gamings, and the all-manner-of-hours, and the sweetheartings, and the not coming home to meals, isn't what I've been used to: no wonder the poor Captain's took himself off, through not being able, that's a real gentleman, to abide such going-ons. And I not taking a sixpenny worth from week's end to week's end—not so much as a candle end nor a cheese rind, as all the parish knows."

"That's your own fault, Mrs. Drax," said Francis.

"Then all the more credit to me. You find another woman as 'll say the same without a lie, and I'll find you her as has yet got to be made. My old master, he that was here before you, and lays in the churchyard, he knew my value—he wouldn't have married me out, not for twenty ships stuffed with silver and gold. He knew his place better than go marrying—a quiet gentleman, just such another as the poor Captain that's gone, sitting quiet over his books, and as regular as Yule."

"What, Mrs. Drax—you mean to forbid the banns?"

"Begging your pardon, no, Mr. Carew. All I want to ask is, how you mean to settle betwixt Miss Mabel Openshaw and me. I can't go."

"I see—I and my wife (he could not deny himself the pleasure of the word) will have to lodge elsewhere. Well, we shall make shift somehow, I dare say!"

"And p'raps Miss Mabel, begging her pardon, will be pleased to know how when you've driven off a real gentleman, with your wild ways, you've took up with a common keeper—a common spy I call him, coming to put his nose into what's nobody's affairs. P'raps when she's Madame Carew she'll like to keep company with Mr. Davis, if that's his name, that says you've bid him come!"

"What—is Davis here?" asked Francis, suddenly remembering not only his appointment with the keeper but why it had been made. And there was Cucumber Jack in the very house, and in that very room: and guiltless, though it might be in the teeth of reason. "I did bid him come. Why, instead of talking all that confounded nonsense, didn't you tell me he was here?"

"Because you never asked me!" said Mrs. Drax. "Because I know my place, better than everybody knows theirs. Why, I wouldn't marry—no, not if all the parish was to go on their bended knees. But there, p'raps you'll think better of it, now you know you'll have to choose 'twixt a girl that was picked up off the sands as you might pick up a stick of drift, and a servant that's worth her weight in silver and gold!"

"Tell Davis to come here," he interrupted her, sharply—so

sharply that the old humbug began to suspect her master of not being quite such a fool as she had rated him; and not altogether without cause.

CHAPTER XXII.

A QUESTION OF LAW.

Francis waited till Mrs. Drax was out of hearing, and then closed the door. He looked round the room, half hoping that the poacher had again resolved himself from the air out of which he had seemed to come: but there was no such luck—the man had taken up the gun from which he had come to part, and was contemplating it lovingly.

"The keepers are after us, my man," said Francis, quietly. "I don't want to give you up: but I can't protect you, if you're seen. I want to talk to you again: so you must keep out of sight till the keeper's gone. Go into that closet; and keep quiet till I open the door."

"No more noise than the moonlight," said the poacher, recovering his proverbial coolness at the prospect of a familiar danger, and laying down the gun. "But"—he hesitated, and pointed to the closet which stood dark before him: "In there?"

"We don't lay traps at Hornacombe, my man," said Francis. "You'll be as safe there."

The poacher gave one other glance at the closet: then a swift look at the other's eyes.

"As in the heart of the Mother Beech," said he—and in he went without another word, pulling the door to after him. Both word and act were so eloquent of implicit trust that, had any suspicion still lingered in his mind of the other's faith, it would have died then and there. A poacher who could trust his liberty to a country gentleman's cupboard had surely earned a right to be trusted beyond all other men.

In another minute, Mr. Davis entered, just as Francis had time to reseat himself over his wine.

"Here I am, Squire," said he, gruffly, looking round, with all-embracing eyes, at everything in the room, even while speaking: and by no means missing the broken glass and the pool of red wine on the floor.

"I've been thinking the whole matter over, Davis," said Francis. "And I've come to the conclusion—But sit down: here's tobacco: and that's cognac, if you don't care for wine!"

"And duty free," growled Mr. Davis, "I'll go bail." But he nevertheless helped himself generously, and took a good gulp, drawing a chair to within a yard of the table, and seating himself so exactly on the edge that the tenth of an inch more would send him to the ground, chair, tumbler, and all. "Ay: and 'tis duty free. 'Tis odd how duty does take the flavour out of a thing: but 'tis true."

"I've been thinking the whole thing out," said Francis, with the air of a judge, "and I've concluded that the Parson's right, and there's nothing to be done."

"Aye, Squire. And that—that's just what I've concluded you'd conclude."

"You see, there's no case against any man. Just run through the evidence. My keeper was found shot in your wood—that's all. Who in the world is to say it wasn't mere accident? He might have been carrying his gun at full cock, and the trigger might have caught in a bramble!"

"Ay. He might. But 'might' is a stiffish sort of a word when both barrels was loaded, and clean. I made bold to lay hold of the gun myself: and I've got it now, just as 'twas then, all safe at home. He was never shot with his own gun. Besides, that was loaded with shot: and 'twas a bullet did his game."

The truth of the matter was that Francis saw, no less clearly than Mr. Davis himself, how straight the finger of suspicion pointed at Cucumber Jack: nay, he saw it even more clearly, for he knew how lately the poacher had been at the very spot where Derrick's body was afterwards found. There was ample evidence for an arrest; ample for a committal; and a notorious rogue and vagabond, without friends or means, and looking more like a heathen savage than a Christian, was not likely to have doubtful points strained in his favour. True, the British law favours prisoners, and has always favoured them. But in those days at least the Courts did not always, except out of sheer delight in a good quibble, follow the example of the law: and Francis Carew was only lawyer enough to have certain vague notions of black caps, and hanging judges, and of a criminal trial as a sort of fox-chase, with the lawyers for the hounds. Better that the real criminal should go free than that the search for him should begin with putting in peril the neck of the chief suspect, of whose innocence Francis Carew was as convinced, by the light of nature, as he was of his own knowledge. Better to forego justice to the guilty than that such a thing as this should be.

"And if it were a bullet—what then?" asked he. "Men don't go with bullets after rabbits and birds!"

"And that shows when 'tis after keepers they go, and men. . . . As you say, Squire, people don't carry bullets into woods after common game."

"And as to the man. Why, there's no more proof against Cowcumber Jack than—than against me."

"He's called Cowcumber because he's cool. Because he's uncommon cool! No—cool's not the word."

"I mean this, Mr. Davis. When I say there's no more proof against Cowcumber Jack than against me—just consider how things would look if I was to be on my own trial. I was in that very wood myself ever since sunrise; I suppose trespassing, though that's more than I know. Now you can't prove that of the other man, who may have been miles away for aught anybody knows. 'Twas I found the body; and they that hide, as they say, can find. I might have done that for a cover, you see; and then put it upon Cowcumber Jack as the most likely man. And yet I should get off as clear as day—for all there's a stronger case against me than anybody in Stoke Juliet, bar none. You're not on the right track, Mr. Davis. Whoever did this murder is no more Cowcumber Jack!"

Mr. Davis reached out from his chair edge to the table edge, and put down his tumbler. "As you say, Squire Carew. 'Tis no more Cowcumber Jack than 'tis your own self. And for why? Because there's no such a Jack at all."

Francis stared at such a rapid conversion. But it was too good a theory to lose.

"Faith, I begin to think that's about it," said he. "And now that's settled!"

"And why's there no Jack?" asked Mr. Davis, slowly, putting his right hand into his breast. "Because his name's Francis Carew, of Hornacombe, Esquire. Lord, I knew the identification when I took you up for poaching on Sir Miles' land—I'm Kent, I am. And how about Nance Derrick, Squire Cowcumber, eh? How'll that look when you're up at Exeter? And how'll it look when you're proved thick and thin with Caleb Quickset, Esquire? So you was in those woods, was you? So, Francis Jack Cowcumber Carew, of Hornacombe, Esquire, you're my prisoner for the murder of Philip Derrick!"

"Are you drunk or mad?" cried Francis, starting from his chair.

"Never mind," said the keeper. "That's naught to you."

"It'll be a good deal to you, though," said Francis, clutching his fist. "You arrest me?"

"That's it. I know well enough 'tis at my own peril, not being a constable; but I'll stand the peril—Sir Miles, he'll see me through. I goes on reasonable suspicion of felony; and that's good law. And here," said he, drawing a pistol from his breast, "is as good warrant as any Parson Pengold's—and better too."

The man was clearly not to be trifled with—at another time, Francis must have respected in him the three grand qualities of courage, determination, and zeal for duty. That a trifle of wounded vanity lurked at the bottom, made them none the worse: that Nance Derrick's supposed injuries had tinged this rather rough diamond with a flavour of chivalry, rendered them all the better. But Francis, naturally enough, only saw a blundering bully. Not knowing how far the fellow would carry matters, he snatched up the gun that leaned against the arm of his chair, grasped it by the barrel, and brought down the butt upon Davis's right arm, which, unprepared for the blow, let the pistol fall. Davis, a thorough-bred bull-dog, closed in and grappled with the gun—the man who had killed his own keeper would have small scruple in shooting down another man's.

The struggle was sharp, but short. The gun went off between their hands, startling the wrestlers apart. Davis sprang back, and pointed to the wall.

"There!" he gasped, pointing to the portrait of some dead and forgotten Carew, through whose yellow forehead now appeared a small round hole. "There—now we know who goes shooting with bullets: and there's the gun, as well as the man!"

Francis put his foot on the pistol, and threw the gun far across the room.

"Now," said he, "we're man to man. If you think I murdered my own servant, go to Parson Pengold for a warrant!"

"And get kicked out, like when I had you up before. Like enough I'd go to one of the gang for a warrant against another."

"Then go to some other magistrate—go to Barnstaple, or Ilfracombe, if you think yourself in the middle of such a den!"

"And let you out of my sight—not I. I'll go to Barnstaple; and you'll come too."

"I'm not going to wrangle. So—"

"Nor I. That wants a cool head: and I'm not a Cowcumber. I say there's no Cowcumber, because he's you: and 'twas you shot Derrick: and I arrest you for murder in the name of the Law!"

"You say that—when we're but man to man?"

"Ay—if you were fifty of you. As there's but one honest man in the parish, he must take his chance: so here goes." And the keeper, his blood by this time well warmed, came on like a battering-ram, in the cause of Right against Wrong.

But the blood of Francis Carew had also begun to boil. He had the advantage of height, and perhaps a little of weight besides, as well as of youth: though in point of training the pupil of Captain Quickset was by no means up to the mark, but much the contrary, while the keeper was as hard as nails. He prepared himself for the onset by kicking the pistol under the table and then received the charge by a heavy blow on the keeper's skull, which, however, seemed to have no more effect than upon a bull's. He had to meet the shock: and so furious was it that it sent him backwards against the table, sweeping off bottles, plates, and glasses, in a general crash together.

The keeper's object was to get the Squire down and under him, so as to force him to surrender. That of Francis was simply self-defence—not that he was unwilling to give Mr. Davis as much punishment as came conveniently in his way. The latter, with but a slight change of tactics, again made a battering ram of himself, and, utterly regardless of descending blows, threw his arms round Francis' waist, and endeavoured to trip him up suddenly. But Francis, though taken by surprise, contrived to stand firm and to get hold of the other's throat with his left hand. And so they struggled: straining, and swerving in a desperate embrace that every man in Stoke Juliet would have given a year of wreck to see.

The arrest seemed little likely. But Mr. Davis was far too true a Briton to dream of defeat, or to believe anything impossible to a thick skull that means winning. And at last Fortune declared for him: as indeed she mostly does, at last, declare for the thicker skull. Both men stumbled together over a chair that had been overthrown in the grapple: and it was Francis Carew who went down on his back, dragging the other after him.

The keeper seized the moment's advantage to grasp his arms, and to bring his whole weight to bear so as to pinion them to the floor.

"Now!" he panted. "Do you give in? Are you Cowcumber Jack now?"

"No," came in a clear easy voice from elsewhere, startling the keeper so much that Francis almost shook himself free. "If Squire Carew's to be took up for being Cowcumber Jack, as he's called by the fools, why—I'll go."

"And who the devil?"—the keeper could neither say much, nor look round: for he felt his opponent to be waiting the first moment's chance of a spring.

"You're wanting Cowcumber Jack, aren't you? Well, if one must have a name like any other two-legged fool, that's mine. The Squire had caught me already, you see—as you'd have known in another minute, if you hadn't been such a—keeper. Come—here I am."

Mr. Davis was getting bewildered; but he could not forget that there was a gun somewhere handy, a loaded pistol under the table, and a man in the room free to use them. Even the bravest and strongest may, nay must, yield with but little shame to such odds as these: and he rose, Francis following.

Nevertheless, he did not entirely retreat—indeed, he deliberately set himself in the path of danger: that is to say, between odds and the door, which might for aught he knew let in longer odds still. The eyes of the two younger men met: then said Francis to the poacher—

"You rascal: to think you could get me out of a scrape by a lie! As if I were in the smallest danger, beyond that of having to break one or two of this ruffian's bones before I'd done.—Be off with you, you lying rascal; and never let me see your face about Hornacombe again!"

"That's all right, Squire," said the poacher. "You caught me fair; like a hawk catches a skylark, and fairer than that can't be. I'm Cowcumber Jack: and if Cowcumber Jack shot your keeper, then so did I."

Francis himself was taken aback for a moment by this audacious confession, made as coolly as if murder were of no more account than the slaughter of a fly. Well—he had done his best for one whom he considered innocent: he could not help it if his unreasoning belief had been wrongly bestowed. As for Mr. Davis, he was getting simply bewildered, and could only stare from one to the other, like a man in a maze.

"Then all I can say is," he said at last, "if that's the real Jack Cowcumber, and he looks nigh as like it as you did yourself, and if you've caught him, you'll hand him over to me.

And if you're the wrong Jack Cowcumber, there's no malice 'twixt men that's had a good set-to. But 'tis an out-and-out queer parish, this here."

He made a dive into the débris for the brandy bottle, which, though sadly broken, still held about a cupful in the heel. The poacher seized the occasion to pass carelessly behind Francis and to throw a curiously-pitched whisper into his ear.

"All right, Squire. Since was you killed Derrick, 'twas sure to be all fair. Never you mind, or trouble. Now I've seen that in the woods, I'd as lief swing as no. I'll stick to it I'm Cowcumber Jack that shot Derrick; and you stick to it too." He whistled to cover the end of his whisper, and watched the keeper set down the heel of the bottle with a grave sort of interest in the process of drinking brandy out of broken glass without cutting one's tongue.

"Good Heavens!" cried Francis in his heart, "what have I done to this creature that he should wish to hang in what he thinks my place? Why, if he were a dog and I his master, he could do no more. . . . I could do no more for Mabel than die for her: and . . . Davis," he said, gravely, "you have heard what this man says—that he is in my custody. And in my custody he stays. This is my house: and you will go. This is my affair now!"

But the keeper hesitated still. "I'll do my duty," said he.

"You've done it," said Francis. "And I'll do mine. This is my house; and this man is in my custody. A game-keeper ought to know what trespass means!"

"I suppose you mean you'll do to me as you did to Derrick among the lot of ye," said the keeper. "Well, you've saved your necks to-night—but as sure as death's death, you may look to see the last of your gang—Captain, Parson, Squire, Cowcumber, and all."

He shook his fist, and retired, if not with victory, yet with certainly all the honours of war that courage and a sense of Right can claim. Francis followed him silently with a candle, saw him out of the house, and barred the door. Then he returned to the chaos of broken glass, shattered furniture, and streams of blood-like wine, where the poacher stood whistling softly, in philosophic unconcern.

"Do you know you have confessed to murder?" asked he, sternly. "Do you want to die?"

"I want to be planted underground," said he. "I don't want to have to go on being a live man: a thing that's not fit to be named by a snake nor a toad. Anyhow, a dead man's better than a live one: he's one bit liker to the trees; and the blood goes out of him, and the sap comes in. And I want to get hold of the right rhyme."

"Why do you want to save me, thinking me?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the other, whistling again. "Why any daddy long-legs could tell that, with half an eye."

"Why?"

"Why—Because I do."

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The first volume of this magazine, containing the twelve monthly parts from October, 1883, to September, 1884, inclusive, has issued from the publishing office of Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It has won a deserved share of popular favour by the abundance and excellence of the engravings, a few examples of which we are permitted to borrow; as well as by the variety of topics, and freshness of spirit and style, in the literary contributions, judiciously divided between instructive descriptions of realities and agreeable pieces of fiction.

In the latter department, Miss Yonge's historical tale of "The Armourer's Prentices," an Old London story of the time of Henry VIII., which has been noticed with due critical approbation during its progress through the magazine, and has been reprinted in two volumes, is worthy of comparison with any recent works of its class. Mrs. Craik, formerly Miss Mulock, but still retaining in the literary world her original designation as the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," contributes to this periodical, instead of a tale of domestic life, a delightful series of "Days" spent in a holiday tour through Cornwall, which she calls "an Unsentimental Journey." One of Mr. Napier Hemy's drawings of the Cornish coast, that of Cadgwith Cove, which Mrs. Craik describes in an inviting manner, is selected from the illustrations of this series; and we have chosen another, "Hauling in the Lines," which represents an incident of the Cornish sea fishery. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than that between those subjects and the brass manufactures of Birmingham, which Mr. A. Morrow has illustrated by some forcible drawings, the accompaniment of a chapter of technical and industrial history by Mr. B. H. Becker; the one reproduced on our page is that of unloading a coal-barge on the canal. "The Industries of the English Lake District," by E. Roscoe, is an account of the local operations in charcoal-burning, hoopmaking, bobbin-making, and basket-making, practised in some districts around Windermere and Coniston to profit by the copse-growth of ash, birch, oak, and hazel, on the hill-sides of that picturesque district. Mr. G. H. Thompson's figure of an old man employed in splitting wood for baskets is one of half a dozen engravings drawn to show the various processes of such work.

The opening of the New Law Courts, or rather the removal of the judicial business from Westminster Hall to the Strand, gave occasion for an entertaining article, by Mr. F. W. Maitland, upon the old reminiscences of the former place; while Mr. Harry Furniss took the opportunity to sketch portraits of several well-known Judges of the present day, one of them, as our readers will perceive, engaged in "trying a sporting case," and of some notable barristers, as well as witnesses, groups of jurymen, and spectators of the trials. We should also mention, among the contents of this pleasant volume, the papers on Whitehall, Charing-Cross, and Covent-Garden, by Mr. Austin Dobson; on Bath, by Mr. H. D. Traill; on the Belfry of Bruges, by Miss Rose Kingsley; on Dartmoor, by Mr. F. Pollock; on the Windsor Collection of miniatures, on Sir Joshua Reynolds, on "Some Forgotten Etchers," and on Rossetti's influence in art, by Mr. Comyns Carr and others; on the construction of the pianoforte, by A. J. Hopkins; on Shakespeare in the Middle Temple, and on the Women of Chaucer, by the Rev. Alfred Ainger. Mr. Walter Besant contributes a short story, called "Julia;" Mr. Archibald Forbes, some anecdotes of soldiership; Professor Huxley and Professor Archibald Geikie, respectively, give a scientific account of oysters and of river-gorges; and Mr. Grant Allen discourses of several interesting matters of natural history. The "English Illustrated Magazine" is likely to keep its place in public esteem.

The Countess of Portsmouth took the chair on the 11th inst at a public luncheon on the formal opening of the Bible Christian Girls' College at Bideford, North Devon. After the lunch, her Ladyship proposed "The health of our dear Queen and all the members of the Royal family." She afterwards delivered prizes to the young ladies, and followed this with an interesting speech.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 17, 1879), with a codicil (dated Sept. 30, 1880), of Dame Jane Barker Mill, widow of the late Sir John Barker Mill, Bart., late of Mottisfont Abbey, in the county of Southampton, who died on Jan. 2 last, was proved on the 28th ult. by the Hon. Henry Dugdale Curzon and Sir Walter Barttelot Barttelot, Bart., C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £75,000. The testatrix bequeaths the pictures bequeathed to her by her late husband to be used and enjoyed by the person who shall succeed to Mottisfont Abbey; £3000 each to her four nieces Mary, Fanny Augusta, Jane Elizabeth, and Susan Swinburne Drew; £8000 to her nephew the Rev. William Ball Drew; £15,000, upon trust, for her niece the Hon. Mrs. Eleanor Knapp Curzon, her husband and children; £5000, upon trust, for her nephew George Henry Drew; £3000, upon trust, for her niece Mrs. Ann Elfrida Maynard; £5000, upon trust, for the two sons of her late nephew Major John Swinburne; £10,000, upon trust, for Mrs. Frederica Emily Elizabeth Swinburne, the widow of her late nephew Captain William Swinburne, for life, and then for his three children; and numerous other legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives and servants. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third, upon trust, for the widow and children of her late nephew Captain William Swinburne, and two thirds, upon trust, for her niece the Hon. Mrs. Curzon and her children.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1881), with a codicil (dated Dec. 12, 1883), of Dame Frances Lamb, the widow of the late Sir Charles Montoliu Lamb, Bart., late of No. 3, Cadogan-place, who died on July 1 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Henry Eardley Aylmer Dalbiac and Francis Beilby Alston, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testatrix leaves her residence No. 3, Cadogan-place, with furniture and effects, to Mrs. Emily Alice Bridges Taylor and her husband, and on the death of the survivor to her god-daughter, Jessie Fanny Taylor; £5000, upon trust, for the said Mrs. Bridges Taylor; £2000 each for the said Jessie Fanny Taylor and Elea Rose Alston; her Swiss cottage and the land held therewith in Sussex and £3000 to Robert Garnett Head; £6000 to the Baroness Bertha Halkett; £4000 to Georgiana, Baroness Reitstentein; £5000 to Mrs. Margaret Halkett; and there are many other legacies to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her property she gives to Mrs. Bridges Taylor.

The will (dated May 28, 1874), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1881), of Mr. George Rothe Ladevaze Adlercron, late of Moyglare, in the county of Meath, and of Kildare-street Club, Dublin, who died on May 16 last, at Leamington, was proved in London, on the 22nd ult., by William Edward Smythe and Robert Conway Dobbs, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £163,000. The testator, besides other bequests to her, bequeaths to his wife £250; and he leaves her for life or widowhood his residence and £300 per annum, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement. Yearly payments are also to be made to his wife for each of his children, while under age, for their maintenance and education. He bequeaths £10,000 to each of his younger sons; £6000 to each of his daughters; certain diamonds, pictures, &c., to his eldest surviving son, to descend in the eldest male line; and there are other legacies to children and also to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1877) of Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Page Fryer, late of No. 17, Southwick-crescent, Hyde Park, and of Battlesden House, Sussex-square, Brighton, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 20th ult. by Alfred Erasmus Dryden, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testatrix, after making bequests to her relatives, god-children, servants, and others, leaves one moiety of the residue of her real and personal estate to her cousin, the said Alfred Erasmus Dryden, and the other moiety between her cousins, Gertrude Freeland and Edward Bayfield.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1879), with a codicil (dated Sept. 8, 1880), of Mr. George Powell, late of Rock Dale, Tunbridge Wells, who died on the 3rd ult., was proved on the 21st ult. by George Thompson Powell and Henry Albert Powell, the sons, and Edward Morley Chubb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £54,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, Mrs. Mary Margaret Powell, £500, the cash in the house, and all his jewellery and wines; to his son Henry Albert, £3000, to equalise his share with his brother; to his two sons, George Thompson and Henry Albert, the moneys receivable under the policies of insurance on his life after making certain payments thereon; and some other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then, subject to annuities to his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, for his said two sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1882) of Colonel Wyndham Edmund Bewes, late of No. 67, Ladbroke-grove, Notting-hill, who died on July 14 last, at Herne Bay, was proved on the 18th ult. by Cecil Edward Bewes, the brother, and George William Culme Soltau Symons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testator leaves his jewellery, plate, household furniture and effects, and £200, to his wife; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children as she shall appoint.

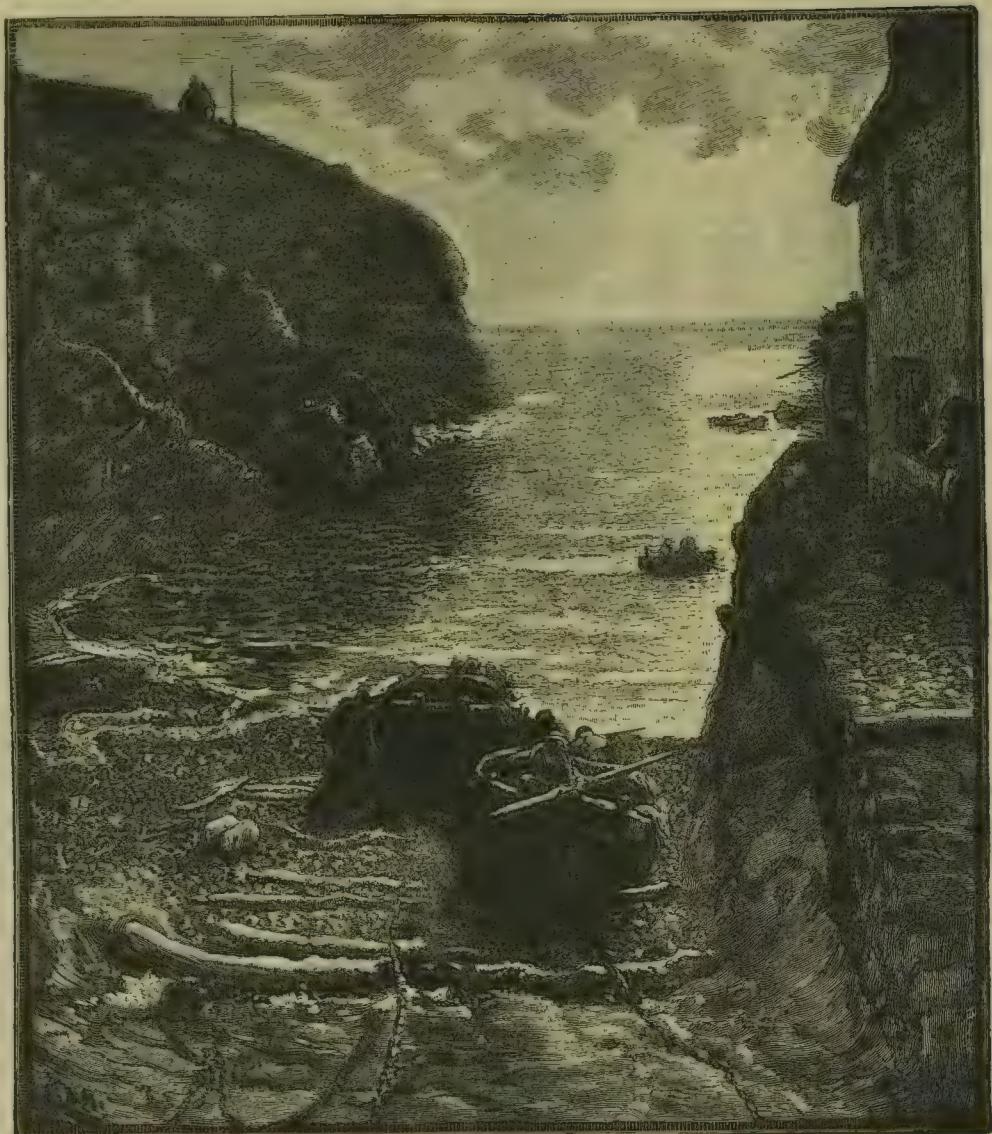
The will (dated Feb. 29, 1884) of Mr. George Augustus Colman, late of No. 70, Adelaide-road, South Hampstead, and of No. 29, Argyll-street, Regent-street, who died on June 18 last, was proved on the 21st ult. by Mrs. Louisa Matilda Colman, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator gives the moneys under the marriage settlement of his late wife, and other moneys to which he is entitled in her right, to his four children, Florence, Gerald, Evelyn, and Rose; he also gives £500 and some specific legacies to each of his said children, including the goodwill of his practice of a solicitor to his son, Gerald; and there are some legacies to friends, to his clerk, and a servant. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1882), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12, 1884), of Mrs. Mary Henrica Neave (the widow of Mr. Sheffield Neave), late of No. 39, Bryanston-square, who died on July 11 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Sheffield Henry Morier Neave, the son, and Reginald James Mure, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £19,000. The testatrix leaves many pecuniary and specific legacies to her children; there are also legacies to her brother and sister and to her son-in-law, Mr. Mure; and £100 is to be divided between her servants. The residue of her property is to be equally divided between her children.

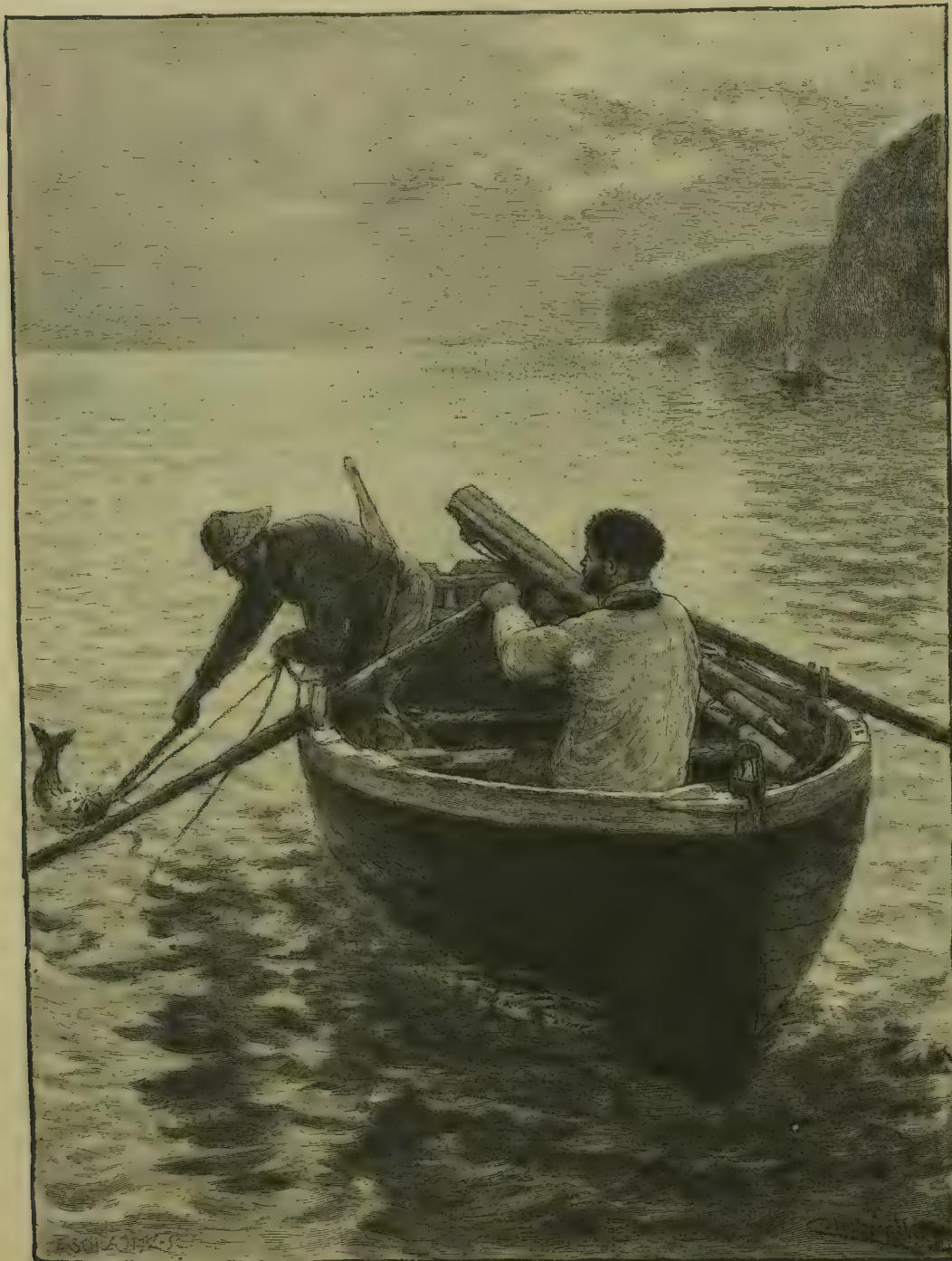
The bazaar which was opened recently by Earl Sydney at Deal, on behalf of the Deal and Walmer Boatmen's Institution, at which Countess Grauville, Countess Sydney, and Lady Churchill were stall-holders, realised nearly £800.



SPLITTING WOOD FOR BASKETS.—FROM A DRAWING BY G. H. THOMPSON.



CADGWITH COVE.—FROM A DRAWING BY C. NAPIER HEMY.



HAULING IN THE LINES.—FROM A DRAWING BY C. NAPIER HEMY.



TRYING A SPORTING CASE.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. FURNISS.



ON THE CANAL AT BIRMINGHAM.—FROM A DRAWING BY A. MORROW.



A SHERBET SELLER AT CAIRO.

PEARS' SOAP

FOR TOILET AND NURSERY.

Specially Prepared for the delicate Skin of Ladies and Children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. Redness, Roughness, and Chapping prevented.

Bright, Clear Complexion.

REV. H. WARD BEECHER.

"If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap must be considered as a means of grace, and a clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of Pears' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favour of it that I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

(Signed) "HENRY WARD BEECHER."

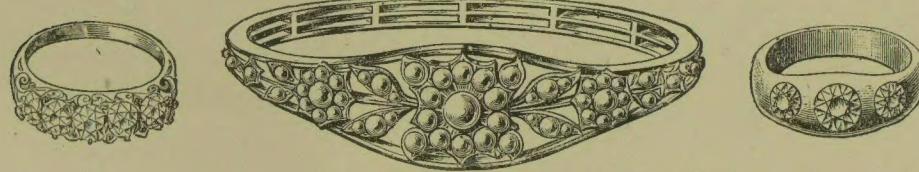
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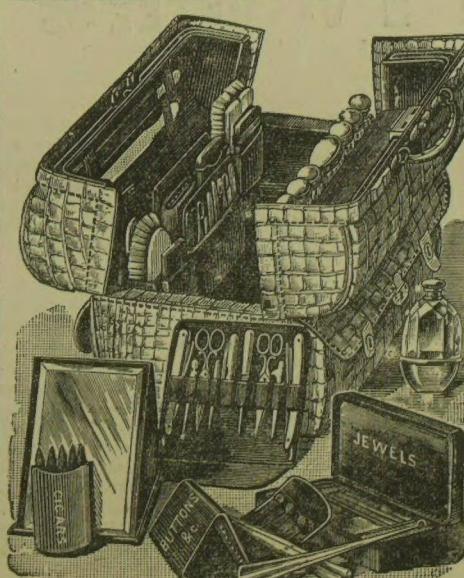
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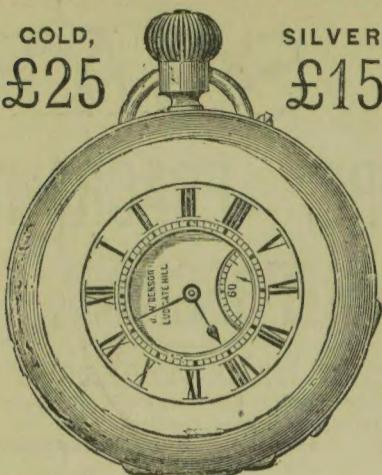
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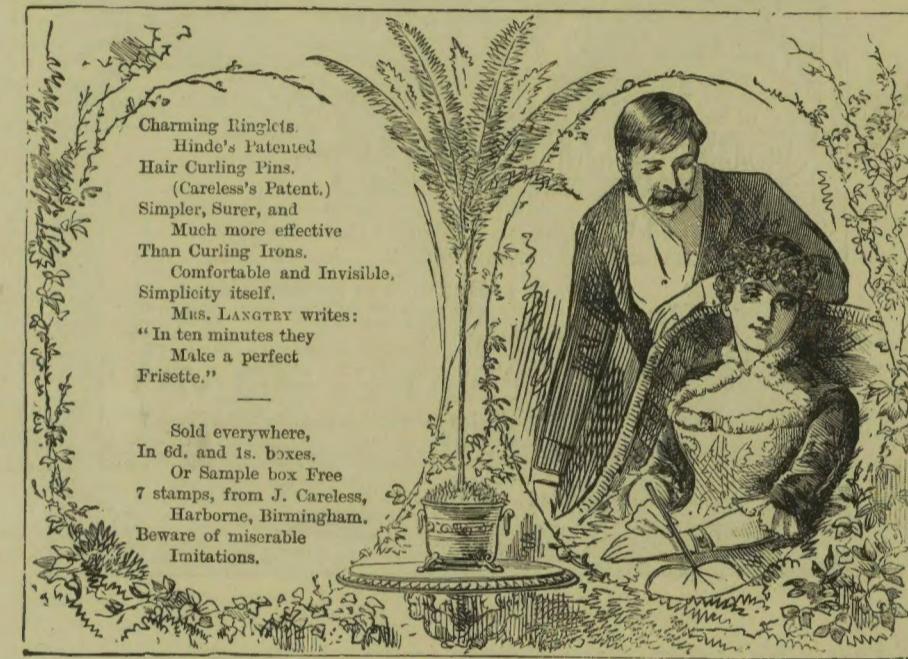
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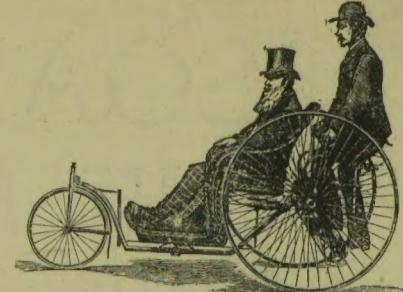
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